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THE OLD SELF AND THE YOUNG SELF: ARNOLD BENNETT
OLD SELF: "All gone according to plan, you see."
YOUNG SELF: "My plan, you know."
(From Max Beerbohm's "Observations," Doubleday, Doran)

Rooted in Confusion

THERE have always been a considerable number of persons who have believed that poverty is an incentive to the flowering of talent, and that suffering of itself produces that catalysis of soul which dissolves the extraneous and leaves genius pure of restraint. Heaven knows that this being so, we should have talent and genius in plenty today. But where are they to be found? Where are the poets, the novelists, the mute inglorious Miltons whose latent abilities have been galvanized into excellence by privation and pain of spirit? Not on the lists of the publishers certainly; hardly, we believe, in their files awaiting the dawn of a better financial day. No, we fear that genius has not been a-burgeoning in these years of depression, and that even talent has not come to bud.

Perhaps in the nature of things it must be so. For the poor old world has got itself to so sorry a pass that suffering has become not a thing of the individual but of the masses. Like another war, the depression is a blight upon us, bewildering in its persistence, shattering in its severity. Men's minds are turned to the immediate and the practical, their thoughts engulfed by the plight of society. Naturally the artist shares in the predicament of his fellows. Like them he is hurt in purse, in confidence, in courage. And being, unlike many of them, articulate, he translates his feelings into literature or art, and his literature and art reflecting his mood, take on a discontented and propagandist tinge. He no longer remains a portrayer of society, but he is become a crusader against social ills, a propounder of social panaceas. He paints a Lenin on the walls of a pleasure palace, writes his tale about a Detroit in the grip of unemployment,

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Bridges to the Unknown

THE INDUSTRIAL DISCIPLINE AND THE GOVERNMENTAL ARTS. By REXFORD G. TUGWELL. New York: Columbia University Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE SOULE

DENUNCIATIONS of "the economists" in recent years have been second in frequency only to denunciations of the bankers. During the Harding-Coolidge decade the economists were often described as dangerous radicals, impractical theorists, who supported such things as low tariffs, cancellation of war debts, and even, occasionally, terrible menaces like labor organization, collective bargaining, unemployment insurance, or minimum-wage legislation. With the onslaught of depression, the economists were attacked because many of them had failed to foresee it and warn against it—especially the variety who were caught up in the bull market and hired for business purposes. Then came the onslaught on the economists because, forsooth, the economic world itself was behaving so badly—as if practical men had been in the habit of following economists' instructions and as if our institutions had been devised by theorists.

The statement attributed to Bernard Shaw, however, that "If all the economists were laid end to end, they would not reach a conclusion," comes the nearest to being just. There is almost no unanimity among them, and little substantial agreement. The trouble is, not that they have been running affairs badly, but that they have not been running affairs at all. And, by and large, they have not been fitting themselves to do so. You have expert dialecticians, spinning special theories within the framework of a highly intellectualized classical theory; you have experts

(*Continued on next page*)

*Living in the Grand Hotel**

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I FIRST knew Arnold Bennett in 1904 when we were both living in Paris. I had taken a very small flat near the Lion de Belfort, on the fifth floor, from which I had a spacious view of the cemetery of Montparnasse; I used to lunch in and dine at the *Chat Blanc* in the rue d'Odessa. A number of painters, sculptors, and writers were in the habit of dining there and we had a little room to ourselves. We got a very good dinner, *vin compris,* for two francs fifty, and it was usual to give four sous to Marie, the good-humored and sharp-tongued maid who waited on us. We were of all nationalities and the conversation was carried on indifferently in English and French. Sometimes a painter would bring his mistress and her mother, whom he introduced politely to the company as *ma belle mère,* but for the most part we were men only. We discussed every subject under the sun, generally with heat, and by the time we came to coffee (with which I seem to remember a *fine* was thrown in) and lit our cigars, *demi londrès* at three sous apiece, the air was heady. We differed with extreme acrimony. Arnold used to come there once a week. He was older than most of us. He was then a thin man, with dark hair very smoothly done in a fashion that suggested the private soldier of the day. He was much more neatly dressed than the rest of us and more conventionally. He looked like a managing clerk in a city office. At that time the only book he had written that we knew of was "The Grand Babylon Hotel" and our attitude towards him was somewhat patronizing. We were very highbrow. Some of us had read the book and enjoyed it, which was enough for us to decide that there was nothing in it, but the rest shrugged their shoulders, though with good nature, and declined to waste their time over such trash. Had you read Bubu de Montparnasse? That was the stuff to give the troops.

Arnold lived in Montmartre, I think in the rue des Dames, and he had a small dark apartment filled with Empire furniture. He was exceedingly proud of it. It was very tidy. Everything was in its place. It was not very comfortable and you could not imagine anyone making himself at home in it. It gave you the impression of a man who saw himself in a certain role, which he was playing carefully, but into the skin of which he had not quite got. As everyone knows Arnold had then given up the editing of a magazine called *Woman* and had settled in Paris to train himself for the profession of literature. He was reading Stendhal and Flaubert, but chiefly Balzac, and I think he told me that in a year he had read through the whole of the "Comédie Humaine." He was just beginning on the Russians and talked with enthusiasm of "Anna Karenina." He thought it at that time the greatest novel ever written. I am under the impression that he did not discover Chekov till much later. When he did he began to admire Tolstoy less. Like everyone else who lives in Paris he had come across a particular little restaurant where you could get a better meal for less money than anywhere else. This one was on the first floor, somewhere in Montmartre, and now and then I used to go over to dine, Dutch Treat, with him. After dinner we went back to his apartment and he would play Beethoven on a cottage piano. Through Marcel Schwob he had got to know a good many of the French writers of the day and I seem to remember his telling me that Schwob had taken him to Mallarmé who was then the high priest of French letters. Arnold's plan of campaign was cut and dried. He proposed to make his annual income by writing novels, and by writing plays to make provision for his old age. Because I had lately had my first play produced he gave me one of his to read. I criticized it with vigor. He had made up his mind to write two or three books to get his hand in and then write a masterpiece. I listened to him, but attached no importance to what he said. I did not think him capable of writing anything of consequence. When I asked him what sort of book his masterpiece was going to be, he said something on the lines of "A Great Man"; but this, he added, had brought him in nothing at all and he couldn't afford to go on in that style till he was properly established.

Arnold was good company and I always enjoyed spending an evening with him, but I did not much like him. He was very cocksure and bumptious, and he was rather common. I do not say this of him depreciatingly, but as I might say of someone else that he was short or fat. I left Paris and it was many years before I saw much of him again.

The Stage Society produced a play of his which I liked. I wrote and told him so, and he wrote a letter to me, thanking me, in which he laid out the critics who had not thought so well of the play as I did. He wrote one or two books which I did not read. At last I came across "The Old Wives' Tale." I was astounded to discover that it was a great book. I was thrilled. I was enchanted. I was deeply impressed. I had never suspected that Arnold was capable of writing anything of the sort. It

* *The following article constitutes with a slight excision the introduction to Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," included in "Travellers' Book," to be issued next week by Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

This Week

ALTHOUGH YOUR THOUGHT
By Janet Piper

PROBLEMS OF PROTESTANTISM
By LEWIS GASTON LEARY
Reviewed by P. W. Wilson

THE MIND OF CHINA
By EDWIN D. HARVEY
Reviewed by Pearl S. Buck

ZEST
By CHARLES G. NORRIS
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

WHITE MONEY
By MADELON LULOFS
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

GREAT CIRCLE
By CONRAD AIKEN
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

GRAND CANARY
By A. J. CRONIN
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

NOTES WITH A YELLOW PEN: IV
By Christopher Morley

Next Week, or Later

FRANK NORRIS
By Ernest Peixotto

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would be impertinent of me to say anything in praise of it. I have read many appreciations of it, and I think everything has been said but one thing, and that is that it is eminently readable. I should not mention a merit that is so obvious except that many great books do not possess it. It is the greatest gift of the story-teller and one that Arnold Bennett had even in his slightest and most trivial pieces. The success of "The Old Wives' Tale" came slowly. I think I am right in saying that it was reviewed favorably, but not with frantic eulogies, and that its circulation was moderate. For a time it looked as though it would have no more than a *succès d'estime* and be forgotten as all but one novel out of a thousand are forgotten. By a happy chance which would take too long to narrate "The Old Wives' Tale" was brought to the attention of Mr. George Doran who had bought sheets of it; he forthwith acquired the American rights, set it up, and launched it on its triumphant course. It was not till after its great success in America that it was taken over by another publisher in England and attracted the attention of the British public.

For many years, what with one thing and another, I do not think I met Arnold, or if I did it was only at a party, literary or otherwise, at which I had the opportunity to say no more than a few words to him; but after the war and until his death I saw much of him. Much has been written of him during these later years and I have little to add. He was become a great figure. He was very different from the thin, rather insignificant man, looking like a city clerk, with his black hair plastered down on his head, that I had known in Paris. He had grown stout. His hair, very gray, was worn much longer and he had cultivated the amusing cock's comb that the caricaturists made famous. He had always been neat in his dress, disconcertingly even, but now he was grand. He wore frilled shirts in the evening and took an immense pride in his [illegible]e waistcoats. He had related the story [illegible] picnic I took him on while he was [illegible]ing with me in the South of France [illegible]n, a storm preventing us from leaving the island on which we were, he took stock with his humorous detachment of the reactions of the various persons present to the slight danger we found ourselves faced with. He did not say that the women were all in pyjamas and the men in tennis shirts, duck trousers, and *espadrilles;* but that he, refusing to permit himself such *sans gêne,* was arrayed in a check suit of a sort of mustard color, wore fancy socks and fancy shoes, a starched collar, a striped shirt, and a foulard tie; and that when at six next morning we all got home, bedraggled, unshaven, and looking like nothing on earth, he, in his smart shirt and neat suit, looked, as he had looked eighteen hours before, as though he had just come out of a bandbox. To the end of the experience he remained dignified, self-possessed, good-tempered, and interested.

But it was not only in appearance that he was a very different man from the one that I had known in Paris. I dare say it was all there then and perhaps it was only my stupidity and youth that prevented me from seeing it. Perhaps also it was that life had changed him. I think it possible that at first he was hampered by his extreme diffidence, and his bumptiousness was a protection he assumed to his own timidity and that success had given him confidence. It had certainly mellowed him. He had acquired a very sensible assurance of his own merit. He told me once that there were only two novels written during the last thirty years that he was confident would survive and one of these was "The Old Wives' Tale." It was impossible to know him without liking him. He was a character. His very oddities were endearing. Indeed it was to them that the great affection in which he was universally held was partly due, for people laughed at foibles in him which they were conscious of not possessing themselves and thus mitigated the oppression which admiration for his talent must otherwise have made them feel. He was never what in England is technically known as a gentleman, but he was not common any more than the traffic surging up Ludgate Hill is common. His common sense was matchless. He was entirely devoid of envy. He was generous. He was courageous. He always said with perfect frankness what he thought and because it never struck him that he could offend he never did; but if, with his quick sensitiveness, he imagined that he had hurt somebody's feelings he did everything in reason to salve the wound. His kindness glowed like a halo about a saint.

I was surprised to see how patronizing on the whole were the obituary notices written at his death. A certain amount of fun was made of his obsession with grandeur and luxury, and the pleasure he took in *trains de luxe* and first class hotels.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

He never quite grew accustomed to the appurtenances of wealth. Once he said to me, If you've ever really been poor you remain poor at heart all your life. I've often walked, he added, when I could very well afford to take a taxi because I simply couldn't bring myself to waste the shilling it would cost. He admired and disapproved of extravagance.

The criticism to which he devoted much time during his later years came in for a good deal of adverse comment. He loved his position on *The Evening Standard.* He liked the power it gave him and enjoyed the interest his articles aroused. The immediate response, like the applause an actor receives after an effective scene, gratified his appetite for actuality. It gave him the illusion, peculiarly pleasant to the author whose avocation necessarily entails a sense of apartness, that he was in the midst of things. He read as a man of letters and whatever he thought he said without fear or favor. He had no patience with the precious, the affected, or the pompous. If he thought little of certain writers who are now more praised than read it is not certain that he thought wrong. He was more interested in life than in art. In criticism he was an amateur. The professional critic is probably somewhat shy of life, for otherwise it is unlikely that he would devote himself to the reading and judging of books rather than to stress and turmoil of living. He is more at ease with it when the sweat has dried and the acrid odor of humanity has ceased to offend the nostrils. He can be sympathetic enough to the realism of Defoe and the tumultuous vitality of Balzac, but when it comes to the productions of his own day he feels more comfortable with works in which a deliberately literary attitude has softened the asperities of reality. That is why, I suppose, the praise that was accorded to Arnold Bennett for "The Old Wives' Tale" after his death was cooler than one would have expected.

Some of the critics said that notwithstanding everything he had a sense of beauty and they quoted passages to show his poetic power and his feeling for the mystery of existence. I do not see the point of making out that he had something of what you would like him to have had a great deal more of and ignoring that in which his power and value was. He was neither a mystic nor poet. He was interested in material things and in the passions common to all men. He described life, as every writer does, in the terms of his own temperament. He was more concerned with the man in the street than with the exceptional person. Everyone knows that Arnold was afflicted with a very bad stammer; it was painful to watch the struggle he had sometimes to get the words out. It was torture to him. Few realized the exhaustion it caused him to speak. What to most men was as easy as breathing, to him was a constant strain. It tore his nerves to pieces. Few knew the humiliation it exposed him to, the ridicule it excited in many, the impatience it aroused, the awkwardness of feeling that it made people find him tiresome; and the minor exasperation of thinking of a good, amusing, or apt remark and not venturing to say it in case the stammer ruined it. Few knew the distressing sense it gave rise to of a bar to complete contact with other men. It may be that except for the stammer which forced him to introspection Arnold would never have become a writer. But I think it is not the least proof of his strong and sane character that notwithstanding this impediment he was able to retain his splendid balance.

"The Old Wives' Tale" is certainly the best book he wrote. He never lost the desire to write another as good and because it was written by an effort of will he thought he could repeat it. He tried in "Clayhanger," and for a time it looked as though he might succeed. I think he failed only because his material fizzled out. After "The Old Wives' Tale" he had not enough left to complete the vast structure he had designed. No writer can get more than a certain amount of ore out of one seam; when he has got that, though it remains, miraculously, as rich as before, it is only others who can profitably work it. He tried again in "Lord Raingo" and he tried for the last time in "Imperial Palace." Here I think the subject was at fault. Because it profoundly interested him he thought it was of universal interest. He gathered his data systematically, but they were jotted down in notebooks and not garnered (as were those of "The Old Wives' Tale") unconsciously and preserved, not in black and white, but as old memories in his bones, in his nerves, in his heart. But that Arnold should have spent the last of his energy and determination in the description of a hotel seems to me to have a symbolical significance. For I feel that he was never quite at home in the world. It was to him perhaps a sumptuous hotel, with marble bathrooms and a marvellous cuisine, in which he was a transient guest. For all his assurance and his knowing air I felt that he was, here among men, impressed, delighted, but a little afraid of doing the wrong thing and never entirely at his ease. Just as his little apartment in the rue des Dames years before had suggested to me a role played carefully, but from the outside, I feel that to him life was a role that he played, and with ability, but into the skin of which he never quite got.

Although Your Thought

By JANET PIPER

ALTHOUGH your thought lies in my open hand,
Transparent, plain, for all the world to see,
Being not you, and lacking the true key,
Still I may never wholly understand.
"I am the corn, you are the chickadee
Picking me up. And will you eat me, mother?"
Here is a simple game like any other,
And in it mind's implicit mystery.
Time is my enemy, I am aware,
And there are subtler foes lurk in his train.
This is my certain best, this now and here;
So I am prey to sharp and sudden fear,
So I am stabbed with immemorial pain,
Kin to all mothers, lovers, anywhere.

Bridges to the Unknown

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in statistical research, amassing mountains of facts within the framework of no consistent theory at all; you have brilliant improvisers and critics like John Maynard Keynes, with special hobbies; you have students of institutions and students of economic history—many of them able in their lines, but producing very little net result. What has been most lacking recently is the economic philosopher, the political economist in the old sense, who is able to take statistical facts, theories, knowledge of institutions, and an understanding of all the relevant social sciences, and, with a judicious mixture of intuition, weld them into a consistent view of affairs which is somehow applicable to the current situation, somehow capable of being tested by experience.

Mr. Tugwell is one of those who have been hammering away at this larger construction, and he also happens to be at present in a position to exert some influence over action. His book is full neither of facts nor of examples nor of intricate special theories, but of penetrating observations in the generalized, conceptual language of the philosopher. Almost at the beginning of his essay he recognizes that "we conspicuously lack the mental qualities necessary for looking facts in the face," and that "the reforms we need most are of these sorts which lie in our thinking and our loving." The scholars "are dominated by a conceptual analysis which stands in contrast to the instrumental projection we need." They attempt to derive causal relations from the past.

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL
Courtesy of Harris and Ewing

> We think we cannot see ahead until the exploration of causes is complete. We therefore cannot act. For causes require a long time to appear. . . . The liberty of scholarship is limited by conventional method, not, as is sometimes suggested, by sinister pressures from the outside. It is because there is so little imaginative feeling for implication in the academic mind that it remains so relatively useless in the crises. . . .

What is needed is "to seize on probabilities in the future and advise action with relation to conditions they impose."

His own estimate of these probabilities and his advice for action comprise most of the book. They arise from the major premise that we are committed to machine technology. What are machines, fundamentally? They are devices for relieving men of work. It is a backhanded view to suppose that they must be condemned as causes of unemployment. We really want unemployment at irksome labor. What we require is interesting and pleasant occupation. When men are substituted for machines, the men suffer. The problem is to substitute machines for men as rapidly and extensively as possible, to let the machines furnish us with necessities of life more easily than we could do it ourselves, and to free our time for inventive, creative, flexible pursuits, for acts that we are better fitted to do than are machines.

Why do we not do this? Because we have not adapted our ideas to the inherent necessities of machine technology. If a man cannot get a living by having a job, we deprive him of income, and think he ought to be so deprived. But the fact that

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he has no income deprives the machine of use. On the contrary, we ought to think that our task is to keep the machine busy in order to provide the man, not necessarily with a job, but at all events with an income of useful goods.

The thesis is worked out in considerable detail. Machines, to be used most effectively, tend to be used in series, eliminating hand labor at every possible step. They lead to vertical combinations among industrial units, to large associations, and intricate industrial arrangements. These great groups and aggregations we vainly persist in regarding as if they were competitive individuals, or at least as if they ought to be. We fail to recognize that, within the group, freedom of the old sort has disappeared. And we also fail to recognize that as long as the groups themselves retain the "freedom" to act as if they were competitive individuals, they obstruct and cancel out one another to a great extent, and thus fail to produce the social benefits which, inherently, use of advanced machinery ought to bring. What control we exert is mainly for the absurd purpose of preventing control. We go on the theory that economic conflict, sometimes regulated to be sure, will serve social ends, when we are actually making use of a technique which demands, not conflict or even regulated conflict, but integration and intelligent direction.

There are, of course, conflicts not only among industries, trades, and competitors, but among occupational groups having different status in the scheme. What possibilities of help or hindrance are there in these groups? Mr. Tugwell recognizes the old antagonism between "capital" and "labor," but he recognizes many others as well. The workers have never, as a whole, become conscious of class conflict in the United States, and such sections of skilled labor as have become organized have frequently espoused reactionary policies. The workers as a whole stand to benefit immensely from an increase in social efficiency. Could they only realize the fact, industrial democracy, in alliance with technicians, might apply strong pressure for the needed action. Technicians ought to want more and better use of machines, but they have not, as a group, become conscious of their role. Owners, as such, are losing their power over industry through their separation from active management. The place of profits in our economic organization frequently stands in the way of that reduction of prices which would make possible full utilization of machinery. Nevertheless, heavy investment in machinery, with its enlargement of fixed overhead costs, makes industrial management seek larger markets as a means to profit as well as the lower wages and higher prices which, while increasing the margin of profit per unit, render impossible larger markets and the reduction of unit overhead costs. "Reality is spotted."

The role of government, which has been conceived as non-interference except for negative regulation to prevent abuses by private interests, must be changed in order to be compatible with the general assumption that government is in a large way responsible for social welfare. If non-interference tempered with regulation had been successful in producing social welfare, there would be no objection, but it has not been successful, and we are coming to see that it cannot be. We need "some kind of compulsion to efficiency, to adhere to a common purpose."

> Government must supplement whatever forces there are in private industry which work in this direction; . . . it must modify its suppression of monopoly where these suppressive efforts interfere with planning for equilibrium. In doing this, it is said, it need not neglect the protection of workers and consumers; indeed, this protection is the reason for a change of policy. It must, for instance, require that wider planning and closer integration among businesses shall not result in so limiting production as to restrict consumers' access to goods. It must also require that working standards and wage levels shall be protected.

Furthermore, our system is so closely interdependent that "piecemeal regulation tends to widen" and "some effort at really national planning becomes a practical issue immediately upon consideration of any planning at all." The government's function is therefore also to relate separate industrial plans to planning for the whole economy.

The main requirements in such an effort seem, to Mr. Tugwell, control over the allocation of capital, control over prices, encouragement of the integration of industry, and protection of unprotected interests, such as "weaker businesses, consumers, workers, farmers, and technicians." We need control over the investment of new capital, not because there is too much capital equipment all told, but because there is too much in the wrong places, and too much relative to the ability or inclination of the consumers to buy the specific products. An industry which is over-equipped relative to the existing market for its product at the existing prices often cannot reduce prices because of the necessity of paying fixed charges on the idle overhead. If its capital equipment had been smaller, its prices could have been lower, and in the end its equipment could have grown larger, and grown with greater regularity. Control over prices must be exercised to prevent monopoly from applying its own price control in the interest of a few; it must be a *system* of price control rather than a series of scattered and uncoördinated controls such as are so justly attacked by the theorists; and it must be used to further efficiency. Integration of industry is necessary for making control effective, but it cannot come merely by removing the anti-trust laws, it must be encouraged in a form such as to aid efficiency.

Mr. Tugwell outlines broadly a specific proposal for action to accomplish these ends, which there is no space here to describe. In doing so, however, he emphasizes that in any such attempt we can learn how only by trying, and it is not so important which planning scheme is adopted as that some sort is tried. Here, as elsewhere, he believes we need an attitude of tentativeness and experimentation.

There will be bitter criticism of this point of view from many quarters. The two opponents having the most intellectual solidity are those to the right and the left. On the one side, it will be said that what we need is not to go forward, but to go back, to establish laissez-faire. Conceptually, the economic world of Adam Smith could work beautifully; its theory has been brilliantly elaborated. But this world cannot now be reëstablished, if only because modern technique makes it impossible. On the other side is the equally logical theory of the Marxists, who say that no such scheme can be worked as long as there are private capitalists and as long as these capitalists are seeking profit. The only road to successful social planning, they contend, is by proletarian revolution. This thesis has still to be tested, and apparently we are not very close to its testing. In spite of all the brilliant destructive criticism of the Marxists, and in spite of the severe breakdown of capitalism, they have not been able to show us a successful proletarian revolution in any advanced capitalist economy. The working class simply does not behave according to their formula—not yet, at any rate. In the meantime, experimentation of the sort suggested by Mr. Tugwell seems to be in the direct line of history. He is, apparently, reading economic determinism better than the orthodox economic determinists. If the planning experiment is as disastrously unsuccessful as the Marxists and the classical economists alike predict it will be, they will have a chance to contend for dominance of the succeeding stage of history.

A Spiritual Stock Exchange

PROBLEMS OF PROTESTANTISM. By LEWIS GASTON LEARY. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1933. $2.50.
RELIGION TODAY. By ARTHUR L. SWIFT and others (a Symposium). New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 1933. $2.50.
INCREASING CHRISTHOOD. By ROBERT NORWOOD. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1933. $2.
THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT. By FRANCIS NEILSON. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by P. W. WILSON

TO read these books on religion is like turning on the radio. The microphone gathers the many voices of history and psychology, economics, dogma and ritual, myth, miracle and magic into a confused uproar of speculation that suggests a spiritual stock exchange. In the final volume of the late Dr. Norwood—a saintly soul impregnable to the distractions of the mad world around him—all the voices join in one to bless the sacred name.

No Council of Nicæa has ever been so œcumenical in its range as this. To one book alone, entitled "Religion Today," no fewer than fourteen men of influence, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, have thoughtfully contributed, and all the volumes are enriched by quotations which express more than the single mind of the author. It is thus by the intellect of the race that the "challenging enigma," as Dr. Arthur L. Swift calls it, is under somewhat bewildering solution.

"The Resurrection of Lazarus," a fifteenth century icon of the Novgorod school, formerly in the Russian imperial collection. Courtesy Hammer collection.

It is a comradeship as generous as the ideal citizenship. The dialectic is not sectarian, not sceptical, not cynical. The aim is to be serenely and politely constructive. But despite all the courtesy, there is excommunication. Modernism, in dealing with Fundamentalists, supplements argument by ostracism. Father Ryan, as a Catholic, is admitted to the Round Table. But no spokesman of similar theology with a Protestant affiliation.

As "advocatus diaboli," Dr. Morris R. Cohen discusses what he calls "the dark side." It is only dark because it is also deep. If one looks at religion merely as a field of study, leading to the formation of opinion, there is, of course, no reason for getting excited about it. Theology is one more current events class. But if religion be a matter of life and death, its "claims," —like the right of way for fire engines amid the traffic—are "absolute."

Dr. Cohen tells us that "religion has made a duty of hatred," and he is right. Jesus himself said that he came not to send peace but a sword. Yet is it only the dogmatist whose duty includes hatred? The doctor hates, and his lancet is a sword never sheathed.

Surgery in the Middle Ages was cruel. But that was for lack of skill. Today, Torquemada may be no more than a psychologist who tests, not for orthodoxy, but for intelligence. Still, as questionnaires in colleges develop, with physical elaborations affecting eyes, ears, and nerves, time will show whether the holy office of the twentieth century is any more benevolent and any less inquisitorial than the researches of the Dominicans in Spain! It is still early days.

As we follow the fascinating attempt by Dr. Wittels to interpret piety by psychoanalysis, and Professor Hornell Hart's interesting excursion into the never-never-land of psychical research, with other essays on particular aspects of the unseen in life, we are moved to pray for some spiritual Einstein, who will disclose the ultimate formula from which all immediate formulas are derivative; and this is the particular merit of Dr. Leary's estimate of Protestantism. He is not a Ptolemaist, clinging precariously to the circumference of belief and following the planets as wandering stars. He is a Copernican whose solar system, whatever clouds may obscure our vision of it, has a sun around which to revolve.

In an era of transition, scholarship is apt to be slapdash and slipshod; and Socrates, as critic, has been silenced by the hemlock of sensation. At every point, Dr. Leary has to deal, therefore with assertions that, however confident, have been driven off the truth-standard into what Mr. Keynes would call a managed currency of modern thought.

"Calvinism," writes Dean Inge, in his best Etonian manner, "created that curious product, the modern business man," for which theory, strongly advanced in Germany, there is, according to Dr. Leary, "something to be said." Calvinism and capitalism emphasized the individual. Q. E. D.

But is Dean Inge himself satisfied with his syllogism? Of course not. He recollects the Rothschilds, and how does he account for them? Blandly he incorporates "the Ghetto" in his Calvinism as a source of capitalist instinct!

Did big business start with the Reformation? Did Crassus own silver mines because he brooded over predestination? Were they Calvinists who haggled with Shylock over the ducats of Venice and built St. Mark's? The Fuggers who conducted the finance and commerce of the Middle Ages were not Calvinist nor were the Hanseatic Guilds that patronized the religious art of Flanders. Among modern business men, two stand out prominent. They have been the elder Rockefeller and the elder Thyssen. One is a Baptist who listens to Dr. Fosdick. The other was a Catholic, decorated by the Pope. Capitalism is not Protestant. Capitalism is human.

To be delivered from shibboleths and restored to actualities, that, today, is the need of modernism. Professor Niebuhr recites the dogma that Protestantism is "primarily the religion of the middle class." But in what sense are we to retain the platitude that Protestantism is "the religion of prosperity"—the Church with "cushioned pews" for comfortable classes?

The man with the gold ring was noticed not in the sixteenth century, but in the first, and by St. James. No faith can build up self respect without raising the economic standard of the poor above sub-

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

WHITE MONEY. By MADELON LULOFS. *Century.*
Life on a rubber planting colony in Sumatra.

THE FLEETING AND OTHER POEMS. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Knopf.*
New poems by an English writer of grace and distinction.

LOOKING BACK. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. *Harcourt, Brace.*
Mr. Douglas leaps through his visiting cards.

This Less Recent Book:

ENCHANTED WOODS. By HENRY BAERLEIN. *Simon & Schuster.*
An account of a walking trip through Transylvania, humorous and charming.

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normal. A convert from intemperance can afford Sunday clothes. But, in New York, at any rate, the standard has risen no less among Catholics and Jews than among Protestants.

It was not on velvet cushions that Lollards read the Bible of Wickliffe. Tyndall's pew was the stake and Bunyan was poor as a tinker. Wesley's cushion was the saddle of a horse. Salvationists preach on the pavement. Carey, who carried Protestantism to India, was a shoemaker. Livingstone, who brought this faith to equatorial Africa, was a weaver.

Is accuracy to be eliminated from scholarship? Take a flatfooted assertion of Professor Cohen. "The frequent claim," he says, "that Christianity abolished slavery has nothing but pious wishes to support it." Ought that to pass as history?

Wesley's last letter was a protest against slavery. A Christian woman wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The New England poets were Christian. The Wilberforces were Christian and Fundamentalist. Sir John H. Harris, who has just been knighted for his lifelong advocacy of the native's right to freedom, was trained as a Christian missionary. The Buxton family, which has fought slavery for a century, is Christian and Fundamentalist. It was the Salvation Army that appealed against the slavery of women in Japan—and not in vain.

On the social influence of the churches, no wild and whirling estimate can be accepted as reliable. In point blank contradiction to the seminarian critics, we have the judgment of Millikan, as a scientist second to none living today, that "ninety-five per cent" of "the altruistic and humanitarian work of the world"—as regards the United States, at any rate—"has come and is coming, directly or indirectly, from the influence of organized religion." It might well be the subtitle of the plea for social justice which Mr. Neilson advances as "the eleventh commandment." His entire essay, with its suggestion of a taxpayer's strike, is an application of private judgment to a reopened Bible.

It is John Haynes Holmes who, as a pastor, announces the post-apostolic creed. He sees God as an energy—the church as the community—the Sunday as the week—the Bible as the best in all literature—the Christ as anyone who is "great and good," including Romain Rolland—and religion as "the divine brotherhood of mankind." He attributes his vision to Longfellow. But, of course, this new Jerusalem was seen in its majesty by St. John the Divine. In Dr. Holmes, Manhattan has evolved at last a Bernard of Cluny.

Yet St. John the Divine realized that a good deal would happen before his cathedral on the heights was completed, and that, in the meantime, mankind must live. It is all very well for Mr. Charles W. Ferguson to apply his big stick to what he calls "the cults." By all means, let Joseph Smith and Mrs. Eddy, not forgetting Dr. Buchman, be battered black and blue. But, as Alice, in her Wonderland, needed to be asked, what is "the moral of that?"

Dr. Leary is one of the few men today who see what is happening. Even about the solidities and stolidities of Tennessee, he tells the truth. What does it profit a man if he know the whole world, including evolution, yet cannot bring up a family? The contempt that has been poured upon the farmers who supply the food for the tables at which they are ridiculed, is here subjected to rebuke.

As Dr. Leary realizes, religion is not thought alone, to be controlled by colleges. It is life itself. If fundamentals are to be eliminated from Protestantism, that is not the last word. There is the Roman Catholic Church, in which, according to Dr. Leary, multitudes—despite grave perplexities—are "happy." The future of Protestantism does not depend, therefore, on inquiry or research or criticism or scholarship. Anybody who—with due allowance for dramatic license—spends an hour at the movies, seeing "The Sign of the Cross," will discover how entirely subordinate were all these factors to the real strength of early Christianity. "Let people of the outer consciousness bicker about us," wrote Dr. Norwood in his farewell to our troubled world. His reply is to breathe once more the immemorial benediction.

The Animism of China

THE MIND OF CHINA. By EDWIN D. HARVEY. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by PEARL S. BUCK

AMONG the many books written about China this of Dr. Harvey's has a very distinctive place of its own, much more distinctive, in fact, than have most of the books written about China, which are as a rule too general in tone to be of any great value. Edwin D. Harvey has recognized what anyone who knows China must recognize;

ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF ANCESTORS

that it is a country too vast for generalizations, and he has therefore chosen a very particular aspect of the mind of China, namely, its folk-lore quality.

Nor does the name of the book imply more than the book is, for this folk-lore quality of the Chinese mind is one of the very basic Chinese characteristics, peculiar to no one class. Anyone who has lived long in China and observed closely must have perceived and at times wondered at this quality. One finds it as a matter of course in simple and untutored persons. But one finds it also in the educated, and even, strangest of all, in the modern, although there it is often consciously struggled against and submerged.

The modern man may, indeed he will, deny his faith, he will affirm himself a follower of science, and yet in times of crisis he will often return to the use of geomancy, of fetish, of charm. He will even do this in a gambling game. Practically I suppose the equality can be explained by the fact that most Chinese women are given no education in the scientific sense, and have naturally therefore a store of folk-lore beliefs which they impart to their children during their early years, and this provides the foundation for all later education. But whatever the cause, and there is more than one, Dr. Harvey has come upon a very salient and truthful aspect of the Chinese mind, its belief in ancient animisms. I use the word belief, and then hesitate as to its rightness, because belief, after all, carries an implication of conscious understanding and acceptance of some theory or truth, and the feeling in the Chinese mind for spirits and otherworldly life is too fundamental, too much a part of the inherited and inarticulate subconsciousness, to deserve the word belief. It is rather a very part of the Chinese nature created out of a deep, folk-lored past, to which that mind returns, especially in times of sorrow or danger.

Nor is this body of animistic belief to be confused with real religious impulse. Dr. Harvey has been wise enough to distinguish here between the religious mind, and the folk-lore or animistic mind. The Chinese is perhaps the least religious of persons. He has been compelled to centuries of materialism, partly through economic necessity, partly through naturally agnostic nature which appreciates material good, and lives in the present joyfully. Certainly the Chinese has none of the sense of the unreality of the material and the desirability of the spiritual so characteristic of the truly religious people of the world, none of the desire to escape a wretched present by dreaming of nirvana or of heaven to come. He devotes himself to the present and strives by every means to keep it as good as possible. Perhaps because of this very pleasure in present and material goods he has clung to his fetishes and charms in order to preserve his pleasure.

But however this may be, Dr. Harvey presents a very interesting and well written book to us, grounded, one feels sure, in a vast amount of very sound research into the subject he has chosen.

One's only real criticism is that the last chapter seems a little too remote from the rest of the book. Modern China is still linked to the world of spirits, and it will take more than a generation or one or two to create a new Chinese mind. One of the most interesting aspects of that modern mind is to see how the old and the new, the scientific and the superstitious, play and interplay upon each other.

But that is material for another book, perhaps, and certainly Dr. Harvey has presented to us one more brilliant facet of that many sided diamond, the Chinese mind. His book has therefore a unique place in any shelf of books about China, interesting to read, invaluable for reference.

A PRIEST

Illustrations are from Nora Waln's "The House of Exile" (Little, Brown)

Rooted in Confusion

(*Continued from first page*)

lends his art to the interests of economic man in a world of economic disaster. Which may be of the happiest omen for economic man but as yet at least has added nothing to the roll of genius.

It is doubtful indeed whether group experience of gigantic proportions conduces to art so long as catastrophe binds society in its spell. The war, for instance, was supposed at the outset to hold the seeds of an immediate great literature. But the war in actuality eclipsed talent; it threw the individual's world so completely out of gear as to make impossible that detachment of view which is as essential to the highest art as emotional intensity of spirit. Like the depression today, the war then made propagandists of the artists, propagandists against war, propagandists for peace, propagandists for the right of man to orderly and ordered living. It spawned millions of words but no single work of genius. It was itself too great not to dwarf individual reaction.

So again the chaotic conditions of a world gone dismally wrong for millions of human beings seem for the time being at least to have numbed artistic expression. Our literature is thin not because the hard reality of suffering lacks to give it nurture, but because literature does not batten on confusion. To have substance and meaning, a beauty more than merely that of words, it must present some integrated pattern of living, some harmony even in the disharmony of society. And to find pattern and harmony in the welter of present-day civilization is a task of stupendous difficulty.

Writing of James Murray, Editor of the "New English Dictionary," in *John o' London's Weekly*, E. O. Lorimer says: "Murray had not only to master this immense mass of raw material, but to enlist and train further readers, for one unique feature of N.E.D. is that all the quotation material used has been collected by the systematic reading and indexing of voluntary workers. It is almost incredible that the first volume of the Dictionary was ready by 1884, and that of the whole ten huge volumes — with their 15,000 large quarto pages and their one and a half million quotations—the last of which came out in 1928, fully one-half were written personally by this amazing man."

BOOKS IN THE NEWS

DROP a tear for pure literature. But never say that one man's poison is not another man's publicity. The Hitler bonfire, a ludicrous and half-hearted performance to judge by the news from Germany, enabled the Viking Press (those resourceful old Teutons!) to cook up the best advertisement of the week. Blandly they announced to newspaper readers on May 10 that Lion Feuchtwanger's "Success" and "Josephus," Arnold Zweig's "Young Woman of 1914," and Alfred Doeblin's "Alexanderplatz, Berlin," were to be consumed in the Nazi flames that day. In general, the books achieving news mention during the week all had some relation or other to the central problem of the hour: the relation of the individual, whether artist or not, to the state. The social planners, who wish to see the individual in America fall voluntarily into line as an economic cog in a huge, well-oiled industrial machine, made the front pages with publication of Rexford Guy Tugwell's "The Industrial Discipline and the Governmental Arts" (Columbia University Press). Mr. Tugwell, of course, is no Hitler; he doesn't contemplate a syndicate for the licensing of books. But, under the Paretan theory of linkages, the organization of national industrial syndicates is apt to go hand in hand with governmental control of the book business. Human beings are, as Mr. De Voto implies in a letter on page 607 of this issue, apt to be monists; if they are cranks on vegetarianism, they are teetotallers, too.

The success of Mr. Tugwell's book in gaining prominent news mention illustrates some law or other. A year or so back, "social planners" were mild cranks, interfering with the commonly accepted dictum that government should keep its clumsy paws off business. George Soule's "A Planned Society" (Macmillan) was well reviewed, but it hardly jostled for page one space with the march of the Bonus Army. Nor was Stuart Chase's "A New Deal" (Macmillan) hot news, although the Roosevelt "brain trust" paid Mr. Chase the compliment of arrogating his title to their own uses. Charles Beard and Jay Franklin Carter, each writing in *The Forum*, had whirls at planning for the U. S. A.'s future. But these were professors or amateurs, and therefore ignored.

Now, however, the planners are riding the crest. Whether the times catch up with literature, or whether literature helps shape the times by making people conscious of lines of growth, the reception accorded Mr. Tugwell's book emphasizes so much. Mr. Tugwell is, as should be known, Mr. Roosevelt's Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Incidentally, Charles Beard, writing in last week's *New Republic*, has shown that Lenin had his planner's side. Lenin, it appears, made an offer in 1917 to the bourgeoisie for the peaceful integration of Russian industry that sounds very much like the tentative proposal of a Soule, a Chase, or a Tugwell. If this be treason on Mr. Beard's part, communists will make the most of it. Does it mean the Key Men will be after the Tugwellian scalp?

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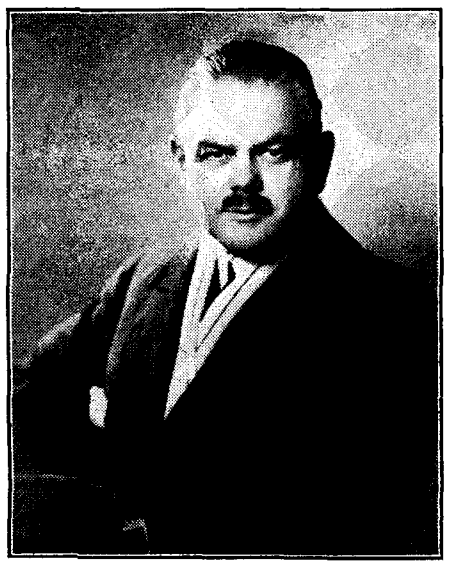
Loud With Warning

ZEST. By CHARLES G. NORRIS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

I CANNOT pretend to admire Mr. Norris as a novelist; he belongs to what one might call the tractarian school of fiction—he has, or appears to have, a message. But I am beginning to admire him as a minor prophet. As his text for "Zest" he takes Isaiah: IV-1, "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man"; and, like Isaiah, his speech is loud with warning. But the older prophet has two advantages. He offers us, as Mr. Norris does not, at least a moral solution for living; and in this particular instance he is, as it were, three



CHARLES G. NORRIS
Courtesy Arnold Genthe

up—for only four women really take hold of Robert Gillespie, the hero of "Zest."

Of these four women you might say that they twang away at the reader like four notes of an elementary gamut. There is Robert's mother, selfish and possessive; his first wife, frigid and ambitious; his voluptuous mistress; his second wife, one of the Marthas of this world, who can offer him everything but a sense of adventure. Robert Gillespie, we must not fail to understand, has been destroyed through his relations with women.

Mr. Norris is no mean artisan, and "Zest" is well constructed. Yet there is a poverty in it, a lack of the poetry which most of us believe essential to fiction: it does not contain human beings but the data for human beings; and the more it explores the sorrows of domestic living, the more life dies before its uncreating word.

In another sense, however, its author's careful presentation—like his hard, unlovely prose—is oddly persuasive; indeed, "Zest" is one of those rare and not unwelcome books which might bear the subtitle, "For Men Only." It is bad fiction, but good admonition. Women may not like it; but any man who has suffered (as most men have suffered) certain spiritual wounds at the hands of women will not fail to discover, in this labored situation or in that, something which answers to his own experience. This, if you like, is a minor form of self-recognition; but in compelling it from his readers, Mr. Norris has achieved something which is beyond the power of all but quite a few writers.

Tom-Toms in Sumatra

WHITE MONEY. By MADELON LULOFS. Translated by G. J. RENIER and IRENE CLAPHANE. New York: The Century Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

HERE we are again with our old friend, the White Man in the Tropics. But no beauteous Tandelayos, no once-handsome and promising young hero, "missing too many boats," no glamorous island Eden, or anti-machine-age romance.

What, no tom-toms? O, yes, there are tom-toms, all right, but on the rubber-plantation of the Sumatra Hevea Company—an American concern, run mostly by Dutchmen—the tom-tom was the alarm-clock which got you up at five o'clock in the morning. Marian, the young Dutch wife just out from Holland, looked at her husband in the dim light cast by the low-burning paraffin lamp and hated to wake him. She had to shake the poor boy several times—"Frank—it's the tom-tom! You must get up. It's past five."

The plantation was run on almost military discipline. If old Van der Meulen, Frank's boss, was kept waiting a minute, he could jump on the new hand with the ferocity of an old-fashioned sailing ship bo'sun bawling out an apprentice. It was certainly no snap these young Dutchmen came out to. No leisurely coming awake in the freshness of the tropical morning, no long mid-day siestas—it was factory hardness and tempo carried to the tropics, with the brief space between supper and bedtime about the only moment a man could call his own.

But knowing that, they came nevertheless, to "clean up," make a fortune, of sorts, and retire to Holland in half the time it would have taken them to do the same thing at home. And as long as the boom lasted, and bonuses poured in, they did clean up. It is the simple annals of such a company of white folks, buried in the steamy Sumatra jungle, which we have in "White Money."

Mme Lulofs knows her milieu. She lived, one fancies, through experiences very similar to some of those of her first novel. For her, the tropics is no means of "escape," still less a place for decadent fakery of the Seabrook variety. Her point of view is closer to that of the women who occasionally write their pioneering or farming autobiographies for the *Atlantic Monthly*—honest, intimate, rather matter of fact.

A Crucified Pig

GREAT CIRCLE. By CONRAD AIKEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is a readable novel. The situation with which it deals is as old as the hills, but it is handled in the modern manner. Aiken's first novel, "Blue Voyage," was an interesting experiment in the "stream of consciousness" method. The present one uses the stream of consciousness also, as well as long soliloquy, impressionistic writing concerning childhood, that somewhat suggests Katherine Mansfield, and unpunctuated dream presentation. But One Eye Cather is less the artist-intravert than the protagonist of "Blue Voyage," and there is less monotony in the present book.

CONRAD AIKEN

Aiken's descriptions are frequently brilliant. Only a poet could so realistically convey, for instance, the rush of the Knickerbocker Limited toward Andy's doom. Where most prose realists plod through uninspired sentences, the poet strikes out constantly expressive phrase. This is to say that Aiken at his best writes uncommonly well. You are seeing, hearing, and feeling the outer world, while at the same time insanely revolving in the whirl of Andy's thoughts. He is returning to Cambridge unexpectedly, believing—and afraid to believe—that he will find his wife in the arms of his best friend. Which is just what happens. The situation is exploded upon one in quick, nervous flashes of thought.

The confrontation in the Cambridge apartment house is convincingly handled. Andy has been drinking heavily for a month, and he goes on drinking throughout the book. The amount of liquor he consumes, first and last, would, it seems to me, be sufficient to kill a horse or at least stun an ox. Yet at his friend's the psychoanalyst's, where he ends up after departing into the night, he maintains an interminable conversation which is mostly soliloquy, until his friend, quite understandably, falls asleep, giving up the unequal struggle. The astonishing part about all this talk is that, even in drunken lapses, Andy makes fairly good sense to the reader. Not since the drinking in Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" have I watched an intellectual hold his liquor so well. Which, I may say, is hardly true to life. But then most modern novels can drink me under the table!

Part II is an enormous parenthesis. And Part II, to me, is the best part of the book. The children, their uncles, their mother, their father—the topography of seaside Duxbury—are vividly set forth. It is usually true that memories of childhood in the hands of an accomplished writer can be conveyed more saliently than other material. We are told that such impressions are stamped most firmly on the mind, the sensitive response at that time, even to the most trivial things, being most intense. The mysterious father, who enters briefly into this section, is an interesting character, and his Quaker letter to the mother quite fascinates with its sincere Victorianism—a letter that Andy copies out as a child and that makes him chiefly what he is today,—that and the tragedy of his mother and his uncle. I should rather have had more about these people.

I feel that the soliloquy-conversation with the psychoanalyst Bill is rather overwritten. And the beginning of section four, in italics, the clever dream fantasy, should be cut. A little of it goes a long way. This method of describing dream conveys unusually well the dream atmosphere; but dreams are uncommonly boring things to hear described at any length, and in the foregoing section Andy has already wallowed in describing several.

What shall be said of his ancient predicament? For one thing, that one loses interest in the self-analysis of a person with so little hold upon one's sympathies. He is a New England product, apparently, but I have met New Englanders who were rather more mature. Apparently, however, New England always does awful things to peoples' insides, at least in novels. With what virulence Andy thinks of Cambridge! (Yet Mr. Aiken is actually a Southerner.) And then, unless it is Bill, who is merely a voice, there is not a single person in the modern part of the book you would care to cultivate. (My own favorite character is, of course, Uncle David!) The wife is a lump, the false friend is a stuffed shirt, Andy himself is a drunken bore—I didn't say boor! He is all bound round with a woolly string of egomania. The only really intelligent thing he does is to read that Spanish grammar to his wife, after they are left alone. But one doesn't care what becomes of him, or of Bertha or her Tom.

Andy's wildly sardonic view of himself is that he is a crucified pig. Obviously. But so are many of us. Only to him it is a matter of terrible import, and life is a crazy source of infinite bitterness that he has not at all deserved. Bill helps him finally to see it as "Unexplored, unfathomable, marvellous, and terrible. Filthy and incalculable. Cruel and inexhaustible." Which are some of the things it is. That's why, I suppose, we go on living.

"Great Circle" is a novel by a brilliant pen, employing methods that have a little lost their first fine careless rapture. But it is a trifle "collegiate." Aiken has written of more interesting people. His Cambridge moderns are, after all, pretty small fry. But his Duxbury family and their surroundings are really first rate. And when Uncle David inquires, "Well, kids, how does your symptoms seem to sagashuate?" I feel a rosy glow.

"Unhand Me, Villian"

GRAND CANARY. By A. J. CRONIN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS book, we are told, is by the author of "Hatter's Castle" and "Three Loves"; but it is hard to believe it, for it has nothing in common with those grim masterpieces except melodrama. Indeed, it is hardly fair to the other books to speak of even this as uniting them, for "Hatter's Castle" was a book in which the melodrama was raised, almost as in the Brontës, to such an unearthly pitch as to make its own stand-

A. J. CRONIN

ards; and in "Three Loves" it was deepened to true tragedy; but in "Grand Canary" it appears, naked and lavish, as melodrama and nothing else.

The plan of the present volume is one that has become familiar in a line of successful books and moving pictures since "Grand Hotel"; it is that of isolating a group of characters, as incongruous as possible, in a boat, train, hotel, or the like. Here the boat is a passenger-carryi freighter bound for the Canaries. Tl male lead is a doctor who has discover a new serum; unfortunately the first thr patients on whom it was tried were already too far gone to be saved, and in consequence, unlikely as it seems, his discovery was discredited and himself disgraced; his only friend in the world has packed him off for a sea voyage in the hope of preventing him from drinking himself to death. The heroine is young Lady Field, the wife of the owner of the line, who is on board to get Away from It All, or, as she puts it:

> You don't know how lovely it is to get away from things. You feel yourself getting more and more crushed up, like your nose was pressed against a window pane. Then you think "I must, oh, I must get away—away from every one."

Then there are several minor characters, in whom the author seems to have strained his ingenuity: an old procuress returning to her place of business in Grand Canary, who speaks a mixture of cockney and Spanish, an American evangelist (of the Seventh Day Unity sect); a retired prizefighter who speaks with an Irish brogue and devotes himself to the study of Plato and others. Why, by the way, does Plato always appear in the Irishman's speech as "Playto"? Is there any other way of pronouncing the English form of *Platon*?

There is any amount of incident for your money; the evangelist is seduced by a designing and heartless female; there is an epidemic of yellow fever, during which the doctor nurses Lady Field, who thinks she has already met him, anyway, in some Peter-Ibbetson state, though he does not remember meeting her; and though he does not take her away from her husband, she remains "an ideal mingled inextricably with his work." There are many other incidents. There is atmosphere laid on with the palette-knife—there is a profusion of everything false and mechanical.

Well, a critic has no business to admit the fact, but authors must live, like other people, and so must publishers; and perhaps the best thing to do with this is to wish its author the large sale he has aimed at, in the hope that he can then afford to produce more dour tragedies.

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The Bowling Green

Notes With a Yellow Pen

IV. PROFILE MAP

"DIGRESSIONS," said Tristram Shandy, "are the sunshine, the life, the soul of reading." If this is a truly exact account of a journey both mental and geographical it must include several digressions on Shakespeare. Those notebooks which littered the table in Drawing Room A, and which I gladly laid aside when Uncle Walt came in, embodied my private speculations on some of the plays—speculations jejune perhaps but dear to me. "Why should my heart think that a several plot Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?" I was only reaffirming for myself subtle pleasures (the subtlest of the skull) known to so many wiser. Yet even I, anchored in the bay where all men ride, have the pleasure of my own mooring. How excited I was to observe the timely coincidence of the Duke in *Measure for Measure* who was talking, evidently, about Prohibition—

> We have strict statutes and most biting laws
> Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep. . . .

(The reckoning 1933—1919 = 14 came promptly. And only a week before, Congress had voted to make beer legal.) A law not enforced, not enforceable, the Duke said,

> Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
> Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
> And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
> The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
> Goes all decorum.

Athwart goes all decorum!—adhesive phrase; not necessary to memorize: it sticks. Oh my America, noble and comic land, I said to myself, gaping in ecstasy upon the plains of Nebraska. I wish I'd had with me the book I got hold of yesterday; I can't wait another instant to mention it—Pearsall Smith's *On Reading Shakespeare*. Delicious, crotchety, sensitive and superlative delight. If you know Pearsall Smith's kind of writing you know what to expect, that mixture of Prospero and Puck. . . . I mustn't spoil it for you (I'd gladly copy out in my own hand his whole chapter on *Not* Reading Shakespeare), but if I were rich I'd buy a hundred copies to send to the hundred nicest people I know—if I were the League of Nations Committee on "Intellectual Cooperation" I'd reprint it on some of that horrid pamphlet paper loved by officials and send it to every college library—I'd get elected to Washington just for the fun of reading it into the *Congressional Record*—and if some American house doesn't announce it pretty soon, I'll tell you the name of the English publisher so you can get it straight from London—I'll give you a hint: when Trinculo got cooked he said he was in case to jostle the publisher.

That superb little book of Pearsall Smith's is rather like a pipe-cleaner in the clogged and gummy stem of Shakespeare study. It goes all the way through to the bottom of the bowl, absorbs the sour mucilage and juices, leaves Shakespeare burning clear and hot and sweet.

I can think of a lot more digressions, good ones, but, alas, I have more self-control than Lorry Sterne. (I had a copy of *Tristram Shandy* in my bag also, but I never opened it.) It occurs to me now that Uncle Walt, on the Overland Limited, was really rather like Uncle Toby. But there's a line in Tristram that the Union Pacific might well use in its advertising—if they'll use it in the *Saturday Review* I'll tell them what it is—"Now hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the French coast—a man should know something of his own country, too, before he goes abroad."

But we were on the train rumbling toward Grand Island. Probably not far from Central City—is it near there that I saw the Midway Auto Rest, a filling station and overnight cottages beside the Lincoln Highway? Uncle Walt was telling me about the Fisherman's Special. He sat there, bulky and gentle, taking his cap off with that gesture of dignified courtesy native to Pullman conductors. Remember that circumstances were unique. The whole country, that cool sunny day, was in a state of suspended life, the train was almost empty. But Uncle Walt, and all the rest of the crew, went through their duties as completely as a Bishop and his curates in a sparse cathedral. As he told me about the Fisherman's Special I could imagine the genial anglers, with their miscellany of dunnage, the shouts of pleasure with which they would greet their favorite conductor, and Uncle Walt kindly and firmly seeing that everything was jake. A pleasanter job, I should imagine, than his earlier career as an undertaker, which he gave up because his wife did not care for the smell of embalming fluid around the home. It was a grief when the Fisherman's Special had to be withdrawn. "When I was put on the Chicago-Cincinnati run, I almost cried. I loved that Fish Train."

At every stop, when there was a chance to get out and stretch legs, Uncle Walt was ready to point out anything interesting. At Grand Island I had my first opportunity to see the engine—number 7001, a big beauty with cylindrical tender. A whole squad of handlers were looking her over, and Uncle Walt explained the little blue metal flag which is hung out while the engine is being groomed. "That means the engineer's in complete control, the train crew have no power, can't give any signals. When he takes in that flag then he's ready to listen to us." As we climbed aboard I asked who was the engineer. "It feels to me like John Davy," said Uncle Walt. "That's John Davy Cox, he's an Englishman, he likes to get where he's going. When she pulls out fast and smooth like that, it's John Davy."

I wish I knew some way of holding her in being, that long heavy train steaming up the broad alley of the Platte. Behind John Davy were four cars of mail and baggage. I wondered, at Grand Island, if by any chance a friendly mail-clerk who writes me a generous letter about once every two years, shrewdly and charmingly summing up his reading, might be working in one of those cars. I'm ashamed to say I could only remember that his first name is Harry, and I felt bashful about breaching the Railway Mail on that pretext. His letters are always dated from Grand Island. Harry, were you on that train? Behind these were 1 coach, 1 club, 1 diner, 3 sleepers, 1 observation. You must imagine this series of long steel boxes, lined with brown panels and alcoves of green cushion, mumbling steadily upgrade—a grade as imperceptible as life itself. I imagined the Rocky Mountains rather more sudden. No, you find yourself among them unawares. Damn, another parable. Last night I was waked up by the long howl of a train. Then it suddenly occurred to me, I never heard that sound as we crossed the plains. That defiant and melancholy howl, like the ghost cry of the vanished Red Man, isn't heard on the Overland—or at any rate I don't remember it. John Davy, I suppose, has no cause to blow the whistle. On those plains you run as far as forty miles in an absolutely straight line. There's no cross traffic, no reason for warning. In the middle of that vast emptiness everything seems to move as narrowly in two directions as in Manhattan.

In these steel boxes everything was very quiet. There was a queer feeling of selfishness to have so large a caravan almost to one's self. Occasionally we overhauled a spinning sedan flickering on the highway. Ride softly, Chrysler, on the bones of the Indian and the buffalo. Kearney, where the worst Indian fighting began, lay silent in a sunny afternoon drowse. We halted just outside the station to take on coal and water. There were white chickens exploring about, a big curly-wedge snowplow on a siding, cornfields without end. The railroad seemed master of the situation. But it has its enemies still. As we crossed the North Platte later in the afternoon a big airplane soared swift above us—as far ahead of us as we of the Pony Express. There's a big sign at the North Platte station—BUFFALO BILL'S HOME TOWN. It was not far from there (Willow Island, says the Union Pacific folder) where Bill in 1872 took Grand Duke Alexis on a buffalo hunt, and Alexis showed that he could slaughter the bison as well as anyone. He'd have been surprised to foresee that less than fifty years later grand dukes themselves were being hunted like buffaloes. And (again thinking of Oxford) I remembered the dear old Spooner, him of the Spoonerisms, canon of the church and warden of an Oxford college, kindly trying to put an American student at ease. "Baltimore? So you come from Baltimore?" said the sweet old dreamer, saintly to look upon but not devoid of an innocent, blinking humor—"Let me see, do you have many buffalo there?"

From this distance it is easy to feel sentimental compunction for the Red Man and the bison. As one of Shakespeare's imitators said,

> Philosophy drips gently from his tongue
> Who hath three meals a day in guarantee.

The inside story is always different. But they make good reading in print. I like the Union Pacific's story of Chief Turkey Leg and his Cheyennes. In 1867 they wrecked a train near Lexington, Nebraska, killed the crew, plundered the cars, tied bolts of bright cloth to their horse's tails and galloped away. It sounds rather like what literary critics still do.

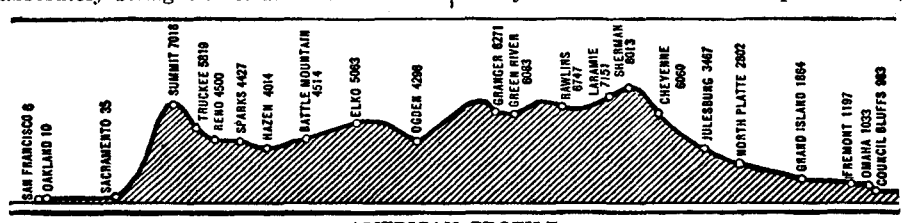
"The Indians," says my anonymous Union Pacific, "soon overcame their awe of locomotives, but it was some time before they molested the telegraph wires, which they reverently regarded as instruments of the Great Spirit for Talking Medicine." I was equally astonished when at Grand Island (or North Platte?) a telegram was handed me from a student editor of the University of Wyoming saying that he proposed to get aboard the train at Cheyenne and ride with me to Laramie to discuss the state of literature. It reminded me of the early days of the *Saturday Review* when we had only 2 subscribers in Wyoming, one male and one female, and hoped earnestly they would not marry.

Through this quiet afternoon, so narrow in movement, so broad in view, you must imagine the few passengers occupied with their various privacies. Porters slept; Lucy Louis, the neat little maid (a Filipino? her name, typed in each car, stays with me) looked up hopeful when one passed her, eager, I dare say, to do a manicure. In the observation car men turned over magazines, or gazed hypnotic at the end of a cigar. In car 64 the two professors (so I judged them) were deep in the Odyssey and in Quantum Mechanics. The quantum theory (I have looked it up) is "the hypothesis, accounting for the stability of the atom and other phenomena, that in radiation the energy of electrons is discharged not continuously but in discrete amounts or quanta." That "other phenomena" is rather cautious. But anyhow the quantum theory is valid enough for the train traveller in Nebraska. His radiation of thought is not continuous but spasmodic. He falls into a doze. He wakes and broods a little about Shakespeare—and wishes he had a detective story instead. He is utterly sundered from the world. Banks are probably freezing up right and left, but what can he do about it. And every now and then a waiter comes through with the gong, that delicious little liquid tocsin that sounds like Ariel. We will while away an hour in the diner—where there is always that enigmatic statement on the menu: *No cigarettes will be sold from this car while in Iowa, Utah, or Nevada.*

It's sunset when you reach Julesburg, and get out to put your feet on that corner of Colorado. The next station beyond Julesburg, if you were going down to Denver, is called Ovid; I wonder why? The grade is getting steeper now, as the profile map shows. When you get to Cheyenne it's dark; you're over 6,000 feet and the station platform is chilly. In a big glass case, lit up, is the stage-coach *Kit Carson* which made its last trip on the Overland Trail, from Julesburg to Cheyenne, in December, 1866. Here the friendly Joe Jacobucci, of the University of Wyoming, joined me. I think we must have talked about books, but my mind was chiefly aware that we were grinding up the Rockies. Through the black windows one could see nothing, but there was a sense of bigness outside. And always that haunting incredulity—What am I doing here?

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



AMERICAN PROFILE

Not Alexander

ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $3.90.

Reviewed by C. A. ROBINSON, JR.
Brown University

THIS is not an important book. Weigall, who, I assume, regards himself as a master of human nature, has failed to give us an adequate picture of Alexander. It is neither interesting nor accurate.

The reason for this is that Weigall himself is not fitted for the task. In his Preface he sets up all sorts of straw men to show the importance of his subject and throughout the book he has placed many footnotes referring to ancient authors, which give to the volume an air of authority and industry. But an inspection of the footnotes reveals that Weigall has derived most of them, often with the same explanatory remarks, from notes in Chinnock's translation of Arrian, published in 1893. (Geer, reviewing Weigall's "Nero" in the *Classical Journal*, XXVII, pp. 51-52, notes a similar dependence, without credit, on Henderson's "Nero.")

The reader should realize that few people of antiquity had so much written about them as Alexander. Much of the ancient evidence is absolutely worthless anecdote and in writing a biography of Alexander, then, an evaluation of the sources is of supreme importance. Weigall, however, says in his Preface that he will accept the bulk of the earliest stories about Alexander without regard to the source (as a matter of fact he seems to accept almost any tale, especially if it is startling), and will reconcile conflicting material. This is, of course, the very negation of historical scholarship. The result is a book full of wild tales, a book in which not even simple facts, such as the date and place of winterquarters, are correct. He has given us neither Alexander nor the Alexander of romance.

In dismissing Weigall, let us not dismiss Alexander. Ulrich Wilcken has recently given us a biography which is at once fascinating, scholarly, and urbane. This should be placed high on one's reading list, for Alexander not only influenced the ancient world more than almost any other man, but his life and ideas are very illuminating for us in the present crisis.

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Points of View

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

De Voto and Pareto

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: There is something winsome in Lewis Mumford's treasuring all these months a blurb from the jacket of "Mark Twain's America" for the sake of making a wisecrack about me. His innocence is disarming but I should like to point out to readers of his review who may not have read my book just what it is that Mr. Mumford is trying to express. In the book I set down objections to Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's description of the American frontier, a description from which Mr. Mumford's notions about the frontier are derived. The principal objection was this: that Mr. Brooks's description was too simple. In an effort to correct it I presented evidence indicating the complexity of frontier society, and it is this complexity that Mr. Mumford finds both incredible and abhorrent. He is seemingly incapable of understanding—and obviously reluctant to believe—that a given society may have both idyllic and violent aspects. Most readers seem not to have experienced his difficulty, which shows again in his declaration that negroes cannot be both happy and sad. We are all monists when we are young and Mr. Mumford is hanging on to his adolescence with singular success, but if he will do the reading in American history which I have several times recommended for him he will gradually find himself becoming capable of dealing with complex ideas. When he is, he will probably also understand that the six chapters I devote to tracing the development of Mark Twain's characteristic frontier humor in more adult forms of art cannot be honestly represented by one sentence of quotation.

The rest of Mr. Mumford's review is eloquent but his emotions probably quieted a little between writing and publication, and some of its wilder assertions probably make him feel rather sheepish now. At any rate, he can observe the dialectical weakness of his failure to take up any of the specific errors I attributed to him and Mr. Brooks. He goes on to explain that he doesn't believe in the tedious job of checking literary ideas against fact.

If Mr. Mumford desires an attack on my position, I suggest that he had better move on from the frontier, about which I know considerably more than he has shown any willingness to learn, and look into my article on Pareto. May I further trespass on your space to anticipate some of the objections to it that are probably pouring into your office? When I saw the article in print I was appalled to discover that a mention of Professor Rogers's work at Yale had disappeared from it, that the number twenty-three had mysteriously become twenty-seven, and that a clumsy sentence failed to make clear that my brief bibliographical list was meant to be limited to discussions of the *Traité de Sociologie Générale* in the liberal press, excluding discussions of Pareto's other sociological work. Even so, the bibliography was very faulty and even fell short of my knowledge. Well, Mr. Mumford is an amateur in the frontier and I am an amateur in Pareto, and we must both suffer embarrassments of ignorance.

BERNARD DE VOTO.

Lincoln, Mass.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Was it wise, and was it kind, for you to publish Mr. De Voto's account of a book a million words long, which half the intellectuals will be unable to read and the other half to understand? News of this achievement will make a thousand "pure" poets and half a thousand stream-of-consciousness novelists cut their throats in hopeless envy.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Mr. De Voto's Pareto article has sincere enthusiasm, for which all connected with the Pareto cult will be grateful. But he will surely not take it amiss if one remarks that his article, for an article of that size, contains a powerful number of misstatements of theory, history and fact. I am sure that on reflection he would be inclined to remodel some six paragraphs; no harm would be done if one or two were deleted. He describes Professor Henderson's article (*Independent*, December 1927) as "the first mention of Pareto in America," next after a footnote in Robinson's "Mind in the Making," and in a diatribe on American "intellectuals," inspired by a Paretan residue, he avers that Pareto "has never been quoted in the *Nation*." To kill a flock of birds with one stone, I reviewed Pareto's *Causes Sociologiques de la Guerre* in the *Nation* (December 3, 1915); and some little comment on Pareto's influence in America I published also in the *Nation*, May, 1926. I must have mentioned Pareto in reviewing Odon Por on Mussolini in the *Nation* in 1923. It is no business of mine to defend the *Nation;* but I would break a lance on the thesis that in the sense of hospitality to ideas, and especially to ideas not in accord with its policies, the *Nation* is one of our most Paretan organs.

I cannot imagine that my own articles can have been the first on Pareto in America, although I devoted some paragraphs to him in the *International Year Book* of 1916, and have written of him since. As early as 1902 Professor Henry Ludwell Moore was lecturing on Pareto's mathematical economics at Columbia. Quite an impetus to interest in Pareto among economists, sociologists, and statisticians resulted from the visits of Maffeo Pantaleoni to this country which I place, as a wild guess, around 1907-10. A later current of Paretan influence reached the environment of the *New Republic* through the late Graham Wallas. Harvey Rogers was studying with Pareto personally around 1913. I was using the literary implications of the *Systèmes* at Cornell and Columbia as early as 1910, and the literary implications of the theory of residues in 1917 at Columbia, and assiduously there since 1924.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

New York City.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: After "five and a half years of close textual study," Bernard De Voto, in the *Saturday Review* of April 22, has introduced V. Pareto's *Traité de Sociologie Générale* as a "Primer for Intellectuals." As one of the "mostly bewildered and always angry" "professional sociologists" who attend the Harvard seminar on Pareto to whom Mr. De Voto refers in his article, I should like to point out several of Mr. De Voto's unhappy delusions.

In support of his contention that Pareto is practically unknown to American sociologists though his work represents "the first attempt ever made to bring the scientific method to bear" on the "basic structure of society" as well as "the only attempt to describe society," Mr. De Voto, after mentioning five references to the Italian sociologist, continues: "And that, so far as I have been able to discover, is the complete list to date of references to Pareto's sociology, as distinguished from his economics, in America." This assertion is rather startling in view of the fact that Professor P. A. Sorokin, chairman of the Harvard department of sociology (*which offers the seminar that Mr. De Voto so assiduously attends*) *has referred to Pareto in six different books published in this country within the last eight years.* Morever, in one work ("Contemporary Sociological Theories," Harpers, 1928) Professor Sorokin published a complete analysis of Pareto's sociological system!

ROBERT K. MERTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: The article of April 22 in which Bernard De Voto, as though casting pearl to swine, offers Pareto's *Traité de Sociologie Générale* as a primer for intellectuals, is characterized by presumptuousness, misrepresentation, and inaccuracy.

Mr. De Voto's preconceptions in regard to sociologists are more amusing than accurate. He apparently thinks of them as a group of social reformers. This is all too true of many of them. It happens, however, that most sociologists of the present generation represent a reaction from this tendency. Perhaps Mr. De Voto would do better to practice Pareto than to preach him.

KINGSLEY DAVIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In re Mr. De Voto's article on Pareto, may I point out a reference to Pareto on page 358 of "Reason and Nature" by Morris R. Cohen (Harcourt, Brace, 1931).

WILLIAM A. HOFFBERG.

New York City.

The New Books

Biography

JAMES BOSWELL. By C. E. VULLIAMY. Scribners. 1933. $2.75.

This book attempts to prove that the life story of James Boswell, with its amazing complex of sordid indulgence, self-exploitation, professional failure, and brilliant success as the biographer of Johnson, is to be explained by an inherited mental taint, augmented by self-indulgence, which amounted to virtual insanity. There is much truth and some subtlety in the early chapters, and it begins with a Stracheian briskness which promises good reading. But the author's obsessing thesis soon appears. The picture of Boswell sliding down the path of moral decay, social ostracism, and mental derangement, is repeated so often that the iteration palls, and the book proves tiresome reading at last.

For the sake of proving Boswell's insanity, the author distorts and suppresses evidence. He culls a few rambling passages from the "Hypochondriack" and labels them babbling nonsense. He denies that Boswell ever said a witty thing. He decides that Boswell lost his early veneration for Johnson after 1778 and merely exploited his friendship for him in writing the "Life," as a means of bolstering up his collapsing self-respect. The miracle of the "Life" itself can be explained only by adopting and exaggerating Geoffrey Scott's statement of Malone's important share in its creation. Mr. Vulliamy states that Malone gave to the work all its "form, order, and coherence." Against any such exaggerated view Mr. Scott himself gave wise warning in the Conclusion to volume six of the "Boswell Papers." Naturally, from such an interpreter, one must not expect a rounded view of Boswell's character, or an adequate analysis of his genius, or of the habits of mind which made his great achievement possible.

For the informed reader this one-sidedness is especially regrettable, for, since the recovery of the "Boswell Papers," now in process of publication, there exist more explicit and complete data for the biography of Boswell than for any other personality of history. It is not conceivable that any biographer aiming primarily at truth would have written before all of these materials had been made available. Of the materials of the first twelve volumes, which were available, the author makes only hurried and partial use.

The crowning futility of the book is its supererogatory attack on Macaulay's classic misrepresentation of Boswell. The author does not seem to know that Macaulay's Boswell was long since laid to rest by Professor Tinker.

Fiction

SHE LOVES ME NOT. By EDWARD HOPE. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.

Mr. Hope, who endeared himself to many thousand readers as the "columnist" of the New York *Tribune*, has been called "the American Wodehouse." There is a family resemblance, as each belongs in the very small and highly valued class of writers who provide high entertainment for intelligent readers, but Mr. Hope needs no aid from any such comparison. He is not an imitator; his work has a flavor of its own. He is perhaps closer to Don Marquis than to any other of his predecessors.

This book is a satisfying, delectable tale, nowhere overdone. It is staged chiefly in a Princeton dormitory, and, incidentally, its college atmosphere is the real thing—which is, in itself, a noteworthy rarity in current fiction. A fugitive night-club dancer, who is wanted as a witness of a gang murder in Philadelphia, takes refuge in the rooms of a chivalrous senior, who decides to protect her from police "third degree" treatment. He calls the other boys in the entry to aid, and they attempt to conceal the girl in the dormitory. The ensuing intrusions of gangsters, bootleggers, a movie press agent, the suspicious fiancée of the hero, and finally of the Dean in search for the girl, make the plot. It has amusing complications, is skilfully constructed, and is carried through with a steady hand.

GREAT WINDS. By ERNEST POOLE. Macmillan. 1933. $2.

This is largely a tract for the times; a profoundly understanding study of the painful transition era through which the world has been—and still is—passing. It is, of course, also a competently handled novel, well up to the level of Mr. Poole's earlier work, but he has a message, a prophecy, and he is more concerned with its delivery than with the story. That message is one of hope and confidence in the emergence of a better world when the turmoil of today passes: a belief in the coming of a generation of men of "free and fair and open minds . . . unafraid of change, neither blindly clinging to old ideas nor swallowing whole the creeds and plans of the fanatics for tomorrow... but ready to cooperate . . . to find the roads to better days."

There is nothing superficial or hasty in Mr. Poole's vision; he has no ready-made Utopia to offer. It is rather an affirmation of man's ability, as, himself, a "biological legislator," to make a better job of the future than he has of the past. In common with many other thinkers he sees the road to this opening out of the schools, in the education of a generation capable of solving problems the answers to which have not yet been found.

As a novel, the story turns upon the trials of a middle aged architect, a man who has been highly successful but who is caught in the financial entanglements of the years of depression. He is also torn between the demands of his second wife, who wishes him to continue an extravagant standard of living, and those of his daughter who wants help for her unsuccessful husband. In each case the driving demon is "Property," the pursuit of wealth to the exclusion of all other values; —"soulless bodies sweeping on into a hard and soulless world." The daughter wins, his wife leaves him for a richer man, and his life is wrecked—a victim of Property. His philosophic brother leads him into a curative calm and a refuge in artistic work. But the real contrast is in the vision of the future as personified in his grandson for whom a better life is seen to be in store.

THE CAGE BIRD. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. Harpers. 1933. $2.50.

The thirteen stories in Mr. Bret Young's new collection are remarkably varied in their choice of backgrounds and subjects, and only slightly less so in manner. There is, in fact, an experimental quality about several of them which seems curious in the case of an author of such long experience. The best writing is undoubtedly to be found, moreover, in the stories most like his previous work, such as "Shellis's Reef" and "The Perfect Day," though nothing in the book is worthy to rank with his longer and better fiction. Mr. Brett Young must, indeed, have written some of the feebler pieces in "The Cage Bird" with very little in mind save immediate publication in popular magazines, and judged by the standards of such work they are sufficiently well made. But the spark of life is missing from most of them, and in spite of a few brilliant bits of description in the South African stories, and a few accurately drawn characters in the British ones, the whole lot presents little that can be of interest even to the most determined admirer of this distinguished author. His attempts at sentiment are particularly unfortunate and, most surprising of all, the author of "My Brother Jonathan" never manages to make any character seem truly moving or poignant, however carefully calculated their appeal to the emotions may be.

OUTSIDE EDEN. By J. C. SQUIRE. Knopf. 1933.

This is a story which Mr. Squire contributed to "Mr. Fothergill's Plot," a book which will be remembered as a collection of short stories by various authors, all treating the same plot, which was given to them in outline. "Outside Eden" here appears in company with ten other stories. One of these ventures into the field of murder, but most of them are both light and slight, and a number of them, it must be confessed, are almost automatic. Several of the plots are so old that halfway through the experienced readers wonders, in pleasant anticipation, with what unfamaliar turn the author will rescue their conclusions—only to discover that there is no such unfamiliar turn, and the story is allowed to creep on to the all too well foreseen surprise at the close.

Not to accuse without summoning witnesses, one may cite "The Man Who Knew

(*Continued on next page*)

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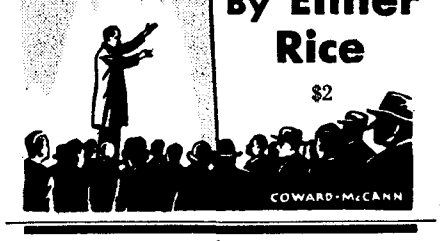

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Better," in which a man assures a stranger in a railway carriage that a certain author plagiarizes from Dickens, in spite of the incredulity of the stranger, who turns out, of all things, to be the author in question! Or again, "'This Bloody Turf'," in which a theatre manager produces a poetic play, chosen from a public competition, and called "A Stain on the Shield" ("Surely to goodness," one says in reading it, "this is not going to turn out to be "A Blot i' the Scutcheon!"); it is enormously successful, and it does turn out to be "A Blot i' the Scutcheon"! Much the best of these stories is that which gives the book its title, and which has already been mention as a treatment of a problem to a number of authors by a certain Mr. Fothergill; and here one must say to Mr. Squire's credit that he found a solution which was both satisfying and different from that of the majority of the writers who attempted it. In nearly all these stories, however, the manner is superior to the matter; and even here, though the telling is urbane and pleasant, it is apt to be a good deal too leisurely for the short patience of this side of the Atlantic.

Brief Mention

An unusually interesting book in the field of scientific popularization is *Our Stone-Pelted Planet*, by H. H. Nininger (Houghton Mifflin, $3). It is a full discussion of the origin and nature of meteorites, a description of many of the great falls, and has for appendix a world survey of the important meteors and where they have been found. The accounts of falls are especially interesting and often dramatic in the extreme. This is a very satisfactory book for a library where information of this kind is constantly called for. * * * Another exciting book is Barrett Willoughby's *Alaskans All* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). The best part of this book consists of an account of Father Hubbard's extraordinary adventures and exploration in Alaska where he entered the great crater of Aniakchak and describes its impressive lunar scenery. There are also chapters on Alaskan men and Alaskan experiences of only slightly less interest. This is a popular journalistic book.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Lincoln and the Doctors. M. H. Shutes. M.D. *Congo Jake.* A. C. Collodon. Kendall. $3. *Gibbon.* G. M. Young. Appl. $1.50. *The Story of the Borgias.* L. Colliston-Morley. Dut. $3.95. *Wesley.* J. Laver. Appl. $1.50. *Cecil Rhodes.* W. Plomer. Appl. $1.50. *The Francis Preston Blair Family.* W E. Smith. Macmil. 2 vols. $7.50. *The Saga of Hrolf Kraki.* S. M. Mills. Oxford: Blackwell.

EDUCATION

Essentials of English Grammar. O. Jesperson. Holt. $2. *Grammar for Composition.* C. H. Ward. Scott, Foresman. *Psychological Principles of Education.* F. F. Powers and W. L. Uhl. Cent. $2.50. *The Education of Visually Handicapped Children.* R. V. Merry. Harv. Univ. Pr. $2.50.

FICTION

Witch's Cauldron. E. Phillpotts. Macmil. $2. *Hanging Waters.* W. West. Put. $2. *The Judas Tree.* N. H. Swanson. Put. $2.50. *In One Ear.* F. Sullivan. Vik. $1.75. *Nurse Adriane.* N. C. James. Covi.-Friede. $2.50. *Old Dominion Edition of the Works of Ellen Glasgow:* The Miller of Old Church, The Voice of the People, Barren Ground, The Romantic Canadians. Double., Dor. 4 vols. $2.50 each. *Call Out the Flying Squad.* H. Holt. Crime Club. $2. *The Saint and Mr. Teal.* L. Charteris. Crime Club. $2. *Great Winds.* E. Poole. Macmil. $2. *The Silver Bar Mystery.* W. C. Tuttle. Hought. Mif. $2. *Zest.* C. G. Norris. Doub., Dor. $2. *Behind These Walls.* J. R. Winning. Macmil. $2. *Pity Is Not Enough.* J. Herbst, Harc., Br. $2.50. *The Flutter of An Eyelid.* M. Brinig. Far. & Rin. *I Can Wait.* By the Author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Bobbs-Mer. $2.50. *The Loose Rib.* A. Allen. Kinsey. $2. *Walk into My Parlour.* P. Frankau. Morrow. $2. *Death on the Limited.* R. Denbie. Morrow. $2. *Colonel Weatherford and His Friends.* G. Grand. Derrydale. $7.50. *Six-Gun Melody.* W. C. Macdonald. Covici-Friede. $2.

HISTORY

History of Germany. H. Pinnow. Macmil. $2.75. *The River War.* W. S. Churchill. Scrib. $2.75. *American Constitutional History.* E. McKinley Erikson and D. N. Rowe. Nort. $4.75.

INTERNATIONAL

Recovery through Revolution. Ed. S. D. Schmalhausen. Covi.-Friede. $3.75. *Swastika.* J. W. Wise. Smith & Haas. $1.

MISCELLANEOUS

How Plants Get Their Names. L. H. Bailey. Macmil. $2.25. *Cut Your Score.* G. E. Lardner. Vik. $1. *The New International Year Book.* Ed. F. H. Vizetely. Funk & Wag. *Ores and Industry in the Far East.* H. F. Bain. Council on Foreign Relations. $3. *Basel, Berne, and Zurich.* M. D. Hottinger. Dut. $1.75. *Revolution or Jobs.* T. E. Dabney. Dial. $1.50. *The Primer of Inflation.* E. Sparling. Day. $1.50. *Ghosts of London.* E. O'Donnell. Dut. *Chicago's Great Century.* H. J. Smith. Chicago: Consolidated Publishers. *The Wreck of Reparations.* J. W. Wheeler-Bennett. Morrow. $3. *The Federal Reserve Act.* J. L. Laughlin. Macmil. $3.50. *"Cohen Comes First."* S. Buchler. Vang. $2. *The Development of Economics.* W. A. Scott. Cent. $4. *Famous First Facts.* J. N. Kane. Wils. $3.50.

PAMPHLETS

Toward Planetism. R. R. Hawkins. Peiping, China: San Yu Pr.

POETRY

The Fleeting and Other Poems. W. de la Mare. Knopf. $2.50. *Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* Ed. F. N. Robinson. Hought. Mif. $4.

RELIGION

The Plain Man Seeks for God. H. P. Van Dusen. Scrib. $2. *India-Burma.* Vol. IV. Part II. Ed. O. A. Petty. Harp. $1.50. *The Social Gospel and the Christian Cultus.* C. C. Morrison. Harp. $2. *From Faith to Faith.* W. E. Orchard. Harp. $2. *The World of Jesus.* H. K. Booth. Scrib. $2.

SCIENCE

The New Background of Science. Sir J. Jeans. Macmil. $2.50. *The Science of Human Reproduction.* H. M. Parshley. Nort. $3.50.

TRAVEL

The Adventurers of Bermuda. H. Wilkinson. Oxford Univ. Pr. $4.75.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
AFTER THE DEACON WAS MURDERED *Cornelia Penfield* (Putnams: $2.)	Stern New England patriarch found dead by vacationing "furriner" who gets into, and, with help of State police, out of a peck of trouble.	Famed work of devil in small towns extends to blackmail and gang-war in rich compound of genealogy, gats and good gumshoeing.	Extra-Good
THE SAINT AND MR. TEAL *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	Saint Simon Templar does justice to three outlandish crooks; Inspector Teal gets the leavings.	Alchemists and Egyptian dope kings lend tone to these three long stories disguised as a novel.	Not at all bad
THE MYSTERY PUZZLE BOOK *Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay* (Crowell: $1.50)	The reader is the sleuth. 28 puzzles, from who forged the will to where did the murderer hide.	A change from jigsaws; amateur handwriting experts will have the most fun with it.	Good clean fun
THE FLYING SQUAD *Henry Holt* (Crime Club: $2.)	Colonel Stewart disappears from his country house, followed by murder of X. Yard called in.	British gangsters, an American who takes snuff, occasional illiteracies mar interesting story, rapidly told.	Quite good
THE BROWNSVILLE MURDERS *B. S. Keirstead and D. F. Campbell* (Macmillan: $2.)	Three corpses: two shot; one strangled; on Canadian highway. Come the "Mounties," buckety-buckety!	Interesting new *locale*, well covered trails, rapid action, logical sleuthing by R. C. M. P. sergeant and amusing amateur helpers.	Excellent
THE LOOSE RIB *Austen Allen* (Kinsey: $2.)	Fan letter to Miss Gibson, an author, uncovers large crime ring. Blackmail, theft, abduction, murder. Miss Gibson helps Inspector Ord of Scotland Yard.	Very ingenious plot, excellent characters, original humor. Well written. The "loose rib" a complete surprise.	A 1

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

AMONG some sixteen books and pamphlets of verse now on my desk, five seem to me worth examining in more than a paragraph. They are: "The Fleeting and Other Poems," by *Walter de la Mare* (Knopf), "April Twilights and Other Poems," by *Willa Cather* (Knopf), "The Queen of Seven Swords," by *Gilbert Keith Chesterton* (Sheed & Ward), "Connecticut," by *Florence Wilkinson Evans* (London: The Tamburlaine Press. Paper-bound), and "Proud Horns," by *Carleton Drewry* (Macmillan). Let us look at them in that order.

Mr. De la Mare's contribution to English poetry is too well-known for comment. What does this new volume add to that contribution? Chiefly, to me, a queer—a very queer description almost entirely in scraps of dialogue of how a grisly butler (to be identified with Death) lured a whole "Feckless Dinner-Party" into a sub-cellar, or Somewhere,—and that was the last of them. Odd in the extreme, but quite effective; then the longest poem in the book, a narrative. "The Owl," "the owle" actually being, as noted in Hamlet, "a baker's daughter"; then a quite modern ten-page discussion of dreams; and perhaps also "Episodes," and perhaps also "On the Esplanade."

Always something in a De la Mare poem makes his touch unmistakable. Take the first one in this book. Out starts the phrase "How ghast an eye!" No one but De la Mare would have written that. The next poem, in describing one of the undertakers, "One ferrety-fair—." The next, "Episodes," "In vestry chill"; the next, "On the Esplanade,"—look to the last line, "And shrill, sad challenge cried." A certain manner of compacting a phrase or of inverting the order of words in a sentence; that, and more than that, but it cannot be mistaken. However, this is familiar and accepted. So is the poet's preoccupation with ghosts. He is in this world, yet not of it.

Aside from these things, and the sure pleasure of an evening spent reading any book of Mr. De la Mare's—preferably at winter evening—there is not anything in this new volume that actually adds a cubit to his stature, which in my own opinion is already considerable. But "The Owl" is surely one of his best poems: the shop, the mother and daughter, the strange visitor, the mystery whose meaning becomes quite apparent; but most, the gradual revealing of all that needs to be known about the two women; all is managed with a sure hand. As for the other poems, the twists of De la Mare's secret thought are always interesting.

A NOVELIST'S VERSE

Willa Cather's "April Twilights" is almost all work we have read before, save for the last poem, "Poor Marty," which is not particularly good. A good deal of Miss Cather's poetry dates as magazine verse, rather better than ordinary, of some fifteen or twenty years ago. "Grandmither, think not I forget" and "Spanish Johnny" have been much quoted. "The Palatine" is one of her best poems in an old manner. And it seems to me I recall a poem on Sappho in Lesbos which inexplicably is not included here, ending,

Night's whole treasury is wasted
And the dawn burns over me.

I always liked that particularly. It seemed to me one of her best. The simple "Evening Song" is all a song should be, the theme as old as time but the words inevitable. It ends:

One thing of all dim things I know is true,
The heart within me knows, and tells it you,
And tells it you.

So blind is life, so long at last is sleep,
And none but Love to bid us laugh or weep,
And none but Love.
And none but Love.

I hope it has been set to music.

"A Likeness" is a truly moving poem, with memorable lines:

Incapable of compromises,
Unable to forgive or spare,
The strange awarding of the prizes
He had no fortitude to bear.

Nebraska, naturally, has its poems here, too. Miss Cather is truly of the prairie. And the poem about Chicago's Packingtown is striking. In another category is "A Silver Cup," an intimate memory well related.

But of all Miss Cather's poems I have longest remembered her "Autumn Melody," which so beautifully begins:

In the autumn days, the days of parting,
Days that in a golden silence fall,
When the air is quick with bird-wings starting,
And the asters darken by the wall.

CHESTERTON'S BALLADRY

Of Gilbert K. Chesterton's "The Ballad of the White Horse," "The Ballad of Saint Barbara," and "Lepanto" I am a fervent admirer. I am not sure that he is not the best balladist of our day. And there are shorter poems, both ironical and wildly imaginative, that are vivid in my memory. His latest book of verse is a series of devotional poems to the Virgin Mary. Through them runs the ringing ballad strain. Chesterton speaks with the old chivalry:

Vow and averted head and high refusal
Clean as the chasm where the dawn burns white,
Where shall thy go that have delight in honour
When all men honour nothing but delight?

Indeed, at the end, the Seven Champions of Christendom speak as they were in the days "of the old boyish romance." J. C. Squire has called these verses "beautiful and nice." I should rather call them vigorous and rhetorical. Chesterton has always owed something to Swinburne in his rolling rhythms—though no two points of view could be more opposite. The impact of this book upon you will be according to your faith. It is a votive offering.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN POET

Florence Wilkinson's earlier work is too little remembered today in American poetry. Now, while living in Paris, though still calling Connecticut her home, she has published in England a book called "Connecticut." Her husband is Wilfrid Evans, the English painter. She has done some most superior work in the past. The present poems, most of them with at least the foundations of the sonnet form, are full of idiosyncrasy, flash occasionally brilliant phrase, are very often crabbed as to style, and are usually interesting as to the thought involved. Her mind, as she says, "is a wilful hound that hunts not with the pack." Some of her titles are characteristic: "Gray and Yellow Words," "Bird Rough with Rain," "I Like to Pick up Curious Stones," "Geometry in the Melon Bed." But her closing poem, "Thrush at Twilight," is wholly exquisite. Among the others, I incline toward the four poems constituting "Lament for the beautiful cows" (that have such a touch of humor as well as sorrow), and toward the dream of her child in "Bird Rough with Rain," though there is a variety of good things in this book to be found elsewhere with a little patience. I must quote the second of the cow poems. It is so entirely original:

I saw them winding up the wet June road,
one by one straggling, with a mudcaked man
behind them throwing stones, the polack Dan,
and a rusty man ahead who cursed and strode,
yelling by gosh when the sweet runlet flowed
to emerald—the sad cows were a clan
in exile driven from Eli Cuffe's abode
because of that long ledger too long owed
for medium mixed, dried buttermilk and bran.
So the two elders with a grave delight
in their own solvency and rectitude
drove off the beautiful herd, a godly right
of theirs—they left behind them Eli's wood
and all the way up the green-roofing hill
the white bell-cow lamented that bad bill.

A NEW SINGER

Carleton Drewry is only a little over thirty and has contributed poetry to a number of well-known magazines. He was born in Virginia and is at present living in Roanoke, where he is Acting Editor of *The Lyric*. "Proud Horns" is his first book, and a creditable one. His poems are brief, and some of them pungent. "The Chaste Profligate" is one of the most understanding, and "Song" should be read as an example of something many have observed, set down in words bearing considerable finality.

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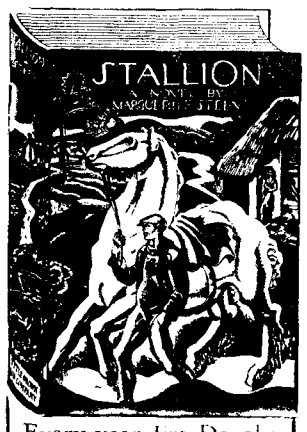

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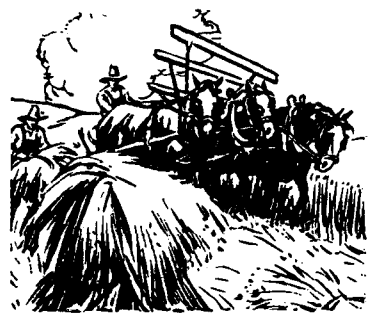

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

O. E. W., Gambier, Ohio, has adopted a "French orphan" who has been studying English for a year and now asks for English books to read outside of his school work. He is about nineteen but has had much more to do with language than the usual American boy of that age. Considering that after something less than a year of French I was trying my skill on the following works in this order: the lighter periodicals of that nation, the shorter stories of Maupassant, George Sand's "Lucrezia Floriani," and Anatole France's "Thais," I suggest a somewhat corresponding plan for an approach to English. For my plan really did carry through. The admirable conciseness of the French joke, and the fact that, though you always know how it is coming out, you are continually amazed to see how far away from the same point you can start and always reach it, combine to make funny papers a practical beginning—as indeed they are the best beginning to a rough-and-ready acquaintance with any new language. Having thus proved to myself that I could hop, I tried a flight scarcely longer, for the Maupassant stories I chose were little more than anecdotes. I had always wanted to read "Lucrezia Floriani" because I knew it had a close-up view of Chopin, and the style was so pedestrian I could keep my mind strictly on the story. By that time I was getting footloose from the dictionary, and "Thais," again a short book, served the double purpose of introducing me to the writer then believed to represent the best of his country's contemporary literature, and of giving me a chance to feel, if not to appreciate, a literary style that later made me subconsciously intolerant of poor work. On these lines, I would see to it that the French orphan tried an eye on the *New Yorker*. Its localism would be no more trying to a French reader than "Cyrano" to us, and nothing in it takes long to read. Also it does represent us—like it or not. Then I would go straight to a masterpiece, "Ethan Frome." It is short, drives relentlessly to its climax, and has a French translation on which to fall back in emergency—I think it was called "Sous le Neige" when it appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Then, as the *Prix Femina* has just been awarded to Willa Cather for "Shadows on the Rock," and as the atmosphere of this work—also a fairly short book—is one in which a French reader will be at home, I suggest this as the third volume. You can't deny this choice one quality—variety. But I shall be glad to forward other suggestions to this inquirer, or to print them, as this advice may seem to some teachers uncanonical.

In this connection I must say that I have just gladly received the annual publication that keeps me realizing how much I miss in French literature: *L'Année littéraire mil neuf cent trente-deux*, by Professor Albert Schinz of the University of Pennsylvania, a pamphlet reprinted from the *Modern Language Journal*.

THE Denver Public Library has had so many requests for lists of novels about science and scientists, similar to the lists of historical fiction so much used, that they have made one that includes all they have found valuable, as well as a few non-fiction titles that they feel more nearly meet the need than the fiction. Here it is (I have added a few brief notes):

"Jane's Island." Marjorie Allee (Houghton Mifflin), a juvenile with an unusually sound presentation of the scientific attitude; it takes place at Wood's Hole, Mass. Conan Doyle's "Lost World." Sir Philip Gibbs's "Age of Reason" (Doubleday, Doran), which holds a somewhat weighted balance between science and religion. Susan Glaspell's "Glory of the Conquered" (Stokes) and Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" (Harcourt, Brace), with Wells's "Tono Bungay" (Modern) the aristocracy of this type of novel. M. F. Lansing's "Magic Gold: a Story of the Time of Roger Bacon," a juvenile; Florence Riddell's "Can Women Forget?" (Lippincott), which involves the manufacture of poison gas. H. K. Webster's "Quartz Eye," H. G. Wells's "Love and Mr. Lewisham," J. L. Williams's "They Still Fall in Love" (Scribner) a trick story but with a lifelike scientist in it. Thames Williamson's "Opening Davy Jones's Locker" (Houghton Mifflin), in which a boy explores the bottom of the sea. The books they list "interesting as fiction" are Beebe's "Arcturus Adventure" (Putnam), Paul de Kruif's "Hunger Fighters," "Microbe Hunters" and "Men against Death" (Harcourt Brace); J. N. Leonard's "Loki" (Doubleday, Doran), a life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz, and the delightful record of a young woman's part in active archæological research and reconstruction, "Digging in Yucatan," by Anne Axtell Morris (Doubleday, Doran).

The latest addition to "scientification" is Edward Balmer and Philip Wylie's hair-raiser, "When Worlds Collide" (Stokes). It raised my interest in the subject to the pitch of reading through Edwin Lincoln Moseley's "Other Worlds" (Appleton) to see what the chances of its happening might be, and found this a book quite as absorbing as fiction and based on the latest reliable news from the field of meteors, comets, planets, the sun and moon, and other sky-travellers, It's one of the New World of Science series published by Appleton, little books of high interest and value for which this library will find a use. No doubt they have done so already, though not in the case of Professor Moseley's book which only just left the press. "Distant Worlds," by Friedrich Mader (Scribner), is a story exploiting the present interest in stratosphere possibilities for high-speed travel; a world-ship working by reverse-gravitation visits Mars, Saturn, and at last a superman's planet; the author is called the German Jules Verne, and wild as the story is, its details hang together and would not outrage an aviator's sensibilities. In Frank Morison's "Sunset" (Century) an astronomer in the Alps establishes communication with a distant planet and gets into trouble thereby.

These are guess-work novels, beloved by amateurs of the amazing. Fred Rothermell's "Preface to Death" (Little, Brown) is the romance of a genuine scientist, the hero being an astronomer who dies in a tuberculosis sanitarium. It is not for the young. Many of the detective stories turn on chemistry, so many that they turn off from the main subject of this list. I do not repeat the titles of a number of older books that the march of scientific progress has passed by. However, a research scientist still may have to face the personal problem involved in H. G. Wells's "Marriage" (Duffield).

E. K., New York, asks for suggestions for a birthday present to a boy so interested in snakes that he wants a book about them. If he gets Raymond Ditmars's "Thrills of a Naturalist's Quest" (Macmillan) he will get snakes from a cobra on the jacket to a Cuban racer on page 266. Also he will get the sort of thrill that a true naturalist seems able to communicate more rapidly and truly than anyone else writing books; the thrill of complete satisfaction in one's work. The classic example of this is the episode in Beebe's "Galapagos," where they go after the elusive and all but legendary yapock. Beebe says, at the point where they have cut holes in their pockets to drain off the water after their long tramp through every sort of difficulty from thorns to Aztec ants—

> To all intents and purposes we became yapocks ourselves, and however little I know about them, I at least have shared many of their feelings. The air and water were of equally pleasant temperature, every moment was filled with driving interest, and every coming second with potential discovery. During one spell of watchful waiting I tried to think of some place in the world more preferable—and I failed.

This is the way Dr. Ditmars thinks about snakes. It is the right spirit in which to approach them. I brought up my daughter in this spirit, with the result that I nearly jumped out of my skin every time she brought one fondly in her baby fingers and laid it on my lap. But even I can enjoy "Thrills." Of course if you can run to six dollars for his birthday present, you can make him perfectly happy with Dr. Ditmars's "Snakes of the World" (Macmillan), which bulges with photographic pictures large-sized and active.

B. E. W., Towanda, Pa., has been inspired by Zweig's "Marie Antoinette" to ask for a good book on the subject of the "Lost Dauphin." There is a little literature at the disposal of those who have what the French have named *fauxdauphinomanie*, but most of it is in French or German, and the English entries are for the most part out of print. The best is the excellent review of the whole subject by "G. Lenôtre" in "The Dauphin: the Riddle of the Temple" (Doubleday, Doran, 1921). This goes all over the facts of the trial and what little is actually known of his subsequent imprisonment, and examines carefully and without prejudice the various theories. It is not without interest to learn that on the site of the Temple a statue of Diogenes has been placed, his lantern raised in an endless search. "The Shadow-King," by Hans Madol (Houghton Mifflin), was published here in 1930 and is in print; it is highly interesting but practically committed to the cause of Naundorff. "Monsieur Charles: The Tragedy of the True Dauphin," by Eric Buckley, was published by Witherby, London, in 1927. One of the old Mühlbach novels was "Marie Antoinette and Her Son," and Witter Bynner's "Book of Plays" (Knopf) has his "The Little King." The claims of Eleazar Williams were settled, so far as I am concerned, in Legler's old book, the "Story of Wisconsin"; a persistent tradition nestles in the neighborhood of one of the downtown New York parks that a certain "Louis Leroy" buried there in the graveyard whose site it occupies, had a royal coat of arms on his monument and was really Louis XVII. Sickening as some of the details of the Temple tragedy are, it remains a mystery likely to bring out books as long as people read.

B. N., New York, asks in which poem of Eugene Field there is a reference to Hildegarde Hawthorne, who wrote her grandfather's biography in "Romantic Rebel." The poem about the Hawthorne children appears in the excellent selection of "Some Poems of Childhood by Eugene Field," made by Bertha E. Mahoney, illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay, and published by Scribner. The poem,with a group picture of the family, appears on page nineteen.

THE Birmingham-Southern College, Alabama, asks if there is a book dealing historically or otherwise with the Eastern Shore of Maryland, somewhat after the nature of "The Carolina Low Country," Saxon's "Old Louisiana," or Mrs. Lovell's "Golden Tales of Georgia." This is an order completely filled by Paul Wilstach's "Tidewater Maryland" (Bobbs-Merrill), which is just such a blend of history, description, romance, architecture, garden details, and general local color. With his "Tidewater Virginia" (Bobbs-Merrill) one is equipped for a motor tour or a much longer stay in a section marvellously rich in interest. Both books are well illustrated. Collectors of books about places should also note the three fine books named by the inquirer.

To commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Prince William of Orange, called "the Silent," on April 24, 1533, The New York Public Library has placed on exhibition in the cases in the Fifth Avenue corridor, on the second floor, three original documents signed by William (Guillaume de Nassau). With these interesting documents are shown various books and prints relating to William the Silent from the Library's own collections. They will remain on view until May 21st.

The earliest of the documents, dated Antwerp, May 6, 1578, lent by Mr. Henry R. Kingsley, directs his subjects at Breda not to buy, tap, drink or sell, any other kind of beer than those brewed within his barony of Breda. Mr. H. S. J. Sickel has lent a document of 1580 concerning the quartering of a company of soldiers in the town because of the danger of fire "or other mishap" in the Prince's overcrowded castle. The third document, lent by the University of Denver, relates to the publication of the statute (1583) of the States-General of the United Netherlands forbidding all persons to trade or traffic with the enemy.

The most interesting book shown is the first edition in Dutch of William's famous "Apology," or review of his life and defense of his actions, which was printed at Leyden in 1581. The "Apology" was his reply to the edict of Philip of Spain against him. Seventeenth-century engravings of the castles of Dillenburg (his birthplace) and of Breda, and an early plan of the city of Delft, where William is buried, are among the prints shown.

Lisbon reports that the house at Sines in which Vasco da Gama, Portuguese explorer, was born, is to be put up for sale unless the Government buys it.

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

COLORADO

Heloise B. Hawkins of Denver sends the following (her second item indicates a Populist revolt agin' Eastern editors. What do other Western states feel about this, and what, on the other hand, have Easterners to say in rebuttal?):—

Gene Fowler, the irrepressible, returned home recently for a visit. For years on the *Denver Post,* Fowler followed this with a career as a star reporter and managing editor for Hearst. More latterly he has been free-lancing from Long Island. The author of three novels, he came back to Denver looking for material for a fourth, two of whose characters will be modelled on prominent Denverites. The novel should sell in Denver.

Arthur M. Carhart, first president of the Colorado Authors' League, and author of "Men and Power," is talking over KOA, continuing the weekly programs sponsored by the League which have run for nearly two years. Recently he issued a "declaration of independence" and started "an insurrection" against eastern editors. Let the twain meet, but not, he says, with west bowing to east. Mr. Carhart's talks will be made accessible, later on, to the reading public.

Dr. Le Roy R. Hafen, historian of the State Historical Society, has written a book called "Colorado: the Story of a Western Commonwealth," running from the prehistoric cliff dwellers to modern times. Dr. Hafen is known for his "The Overland Mail," and for the co-authorship, with W. J. Ghent, of a story of the frontiersman Fitzpatrick, known as "Broken Hand."

MISSOURI

Raymond F. Howes, Assistant Professor of English at Washington University and Book Review Editor of *The Quarterly Journal of Speech,* interesting himself in *News from the States,* sends us information, from St. Louis, about the greatest living literary Missourian:—

T. S. Eliot, a native of St. Louis, was a recent guest of Washington University, which his grandfather, the *Rev. Dr. William Greenleaf Eliot,* founded eighty years ago. Before going to Harvard, Eliot was a student in Smith Academy, part of Washington University. He is, therefore, claimed as an alumnus, along with *Paul Elmer More, Fannie Hurst* and *Francis Dakin.* While in St. Louis, Eliot was made an honorary member of the St. Louis Writers Guild, a lively group that includes *William Hazlitt Brennan, Jay Gelzer, Shirley Seifert,* and *Marjorie Dowd,* whose recent anthology of verses about fathers caused *F. P. A.* to voice a characteristic kick. Miss Dowd, according to F. P. A., had omitted his favorites, "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now," and "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Fifteen hundred people jammed Graham Memorial Chapel on the Washington campus to hear Eliot on Shakespearean criticism. The paper, which was very erudite, gave little opportunity for applause, but much for polite gaping. Luckily for the local reputation of pure literature, a group of reporters cornered Eliot and pumped him for bits of information about old days in St. Louis, the New Humanism, and the business of authorship.

OREGON

Viola Price Franklin, investigating contemporary reading in Salem, Oregon, has some interesting facts:—

Miss Maud Covington, librarian, reports that the depression is manifest in changed reading habits. Books by *Stuart Chase, Thorstein Veblen,* and *Edward Bellamy* have been much in demand. Bellamy's books used to sit idle on the shelves, but now are generally unavailable except by special reserve. The Technocracy Forum, meeting once a week in Salem, has drawn large crowds.

Paul Patton, proprietor of Salem's oldest bookstore, can't regard the situation with equanimity. He says the tendency of the public is to patronize the library rather than to buy books as in former times. Salem is well supplied with circulating libraries, there being four, the State, Public, School, and University. Mystery stories, says Mr. Patton, are falling off in demand; travel, history, economics, are gaining in popularity.

Turning to Portland, *The Outlander,* a quarterly review, edited by *Albert Richard Wetjen* and *Roderick Lull,* has made its appearance. Revolt against old formulas is stressed by the editors. Six of Mr. Wetjen's stories are being translated into Austrian and Swedish. Mr. Wietjen is president of the Oregon Chapter of the American Fiction Guild.

UTAH

Madeline Reeder of Ogden, Utah, has this to report about Bernard De Voto, Utah native, who is the storm center of *The Saturday Review* letter page (see Points of View) this week:—

The buyer of one of Ogden's prominent rental libraries took me aside the other day and asked me for an honest opinion: Would Mr. De Voto's "Mark Twain's America" really go over at $4 per volume? A prophet, evidently, is not worth $4 in his own country. Why is it that perfectly obvious talent is never recognized at home? The main library at Ogden boasts no circulation at all for Mr. De Voto's "House - of - Sun - Goes - Down" or his "Crooked Mile" unless some innocent puts them on the western shelf with Zane Grey, Mulford, Bower, and the rest. Yet they are good and exciting books. [Does this mean Zane Grey, Mulford, and Bower are tame?—ED.]

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Bookstores haven't yet got to the point of putting up signs (as they do in speakeasies) WASN'T THE DEPRESSION AWFUL?—but there is definitely a better feeling. ☞We hear interesting rumors of progress in the reorganization of Brentano's. ☞Why, in Barry Faulkner's mural mosaic in the VIth Avenue lobby of one of the innumerable Radio City palaces, are *Publicity* and *Hygiene* represented as flying into a cloud?—and *Thought* is a bit pigeon-toed? ☞Marcia Passage, of the Sunwise Turn (44th Street) is very pleased with the handsome Garden City Publishing Co. reprint ($1) of Beatrice Tunstall's *The Shiny Night* which she says is a very fine novel. ☞Conrad Aiken's *Great Circle* is one of the books Old Quercus intends to read.

L. L. D. writes she was amused by a sign in an East Side stationer's: a window full of booklets, sign said *Pamphlets on Sex, Love, and Marriage, Choose 2 out of 3.* ☞One of the best buys is the Midget Dictionary (English-French) published by Burgess & Bowes, London, 20 cents at Woolworth's 42nd Street — and well printed.

☞From the H. W. Wilson Company—specialists in books for public libraries—comes *Famous First Facts,* A Record of the First Happenings, Discoveries and Inventions in the United States, by Joseph Nathan Kane ($3.50). Old Curiosity-Seeking Quercus has turned its 757 pages with unflagging fascination, adding to that store of miscellaneous information which enriches this column. ☞For instance, the first American novel, announced in 1789, was *The Power of Sympathy* by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, published under the pseudonym of Philenia. ☞The first antiquarian book store was established in 1830 at Boston. ☞The first full size book was Steeven Daye's *Whole Booke of Psalmes,* 1640. ☞The first telephone directory was issued in 1878 by the New Haven Telephone Co., listing about 50 names. ☞The first insurance book was published by Benjamin Franklin at Philadelphia in 1725: *Ways and Means for the Inhabitants of Delaware to Become Rich.* Quercus defies Poor Richard's successor, Mr. Curtis, to think up a better selling title.

☞*Famous First Facts* came to the H. W. Wilson office as an unsolicited manuscript, which makes it an unusual publication for their list. The Wilson publishing procedure is astute: they sound out the libraries (i. e., the customers) before a line of type is set. In the case of a previous book, *Living Authors* by Dilly Tante, sample chapters were sent to fifty librarians before it was accepted, and orders had come in from 2,000 libraries before it was sent to press. The manuscript of *Famous First Facts* was read by fifteen prominent librarians, whose consensus of opinion led to its acceptance, after which the Wilson office checked all the facts and dug up the illustrations.

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